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THE NATION'S POLICE GAZETTE

THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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DAPTIZING A BLACKGUARD.

THE MERITED REBUKE A LADY OF ADVANCED IDEAS BESTOWED UPON AN UNMANNERLY LISTENER WHO UNDERTOOK TO DISTURB HER LECTURE; NEW YORK CITY.



RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

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POLICE GAZETTE OF NEW YORK.

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher,
183 WILLIAM STREET,
NEW YORK.

THE *POLICE GAZETTE* is looking around for new worlds to conquer.

A FULL hand—Sullivan's fist with those stakes and his winnings in it.

AND now Sam Collyer wants to get in his fine work again in his good old style.

WHAT has become of the cowboys? They seem to have vanished into thin air as sensations.

THE colored folks are going to pummel each other with the mittens again shortly for those prizes.

BIG stakes on the Coney Island race track next summer. Wheeling Fortune is already beckoning the lads to her temples on the beach.

WE call attention to the subjects and execution of our illustrations this week with a pride that our readers and critics must allow is justifiable.

JACK KETCH is taking a rest in the West but next month he has plenty of work on hand, no less than half a dozen "necktie parties" being down on his list.

NOW the circus man hibernates and hatches a new series of original lies for the summer season. The crop promises to be enormous when the spring sun warms the seed into life.

MRS. LANGTRY is being puffed in advance in this country with a view of making a big rake out of the "chuckle-headed Yankees." Perhaps she may go home on her pretty little pink car.

THE *POLICE GAZETTE* gives all the sporting and sensational news of the day, illustrated superbly, for ten cents. It is at last at the head and front of all journalism. And doesn't it make a brilliant headlight?

BARNUM is puzzling his brain in the examination of the photographs of two thousand male beauties and has not yet decided who is the loveliest of his sex. Hurry up, Mr. B., and let us all have a kick at him.

THE Southern railroad companies wish there was a championship prize fight every day. They are all going to declare special dividends out of the profits of the great travel to and from the Ryan-Sullivan fight.

NOTHING succeeds like success and nothing is so envied as prosperity. This accounts for the spleen of our old foggy rivals whom the *POLICE GAZETTE* has distanced so neatly with its young blood, fresh brains and dashing enterprise. The best the sore-head press can do is to imitate us in their position, which is a long way in the rear.

THE prize ring has become the rage in the far west under the influence of the *POLICE GAZETTE*. The fighting lads have laid aside their little pistols and gone into training. This is rough on the coroners, though.

THE dead actress Eliza Newton came near filling a pauper's grave through lack of money to bury her. The "profesh" couldn't find any "ad" in giving up to her and was therefore very backward in coming forward, as usual.

AN enthusiast is advocating umbrellas as fire escapes and wants to jump off the highest building in New York with one in his hand to prove his theory. Let him, for Heaven's sake, to stop the argument of fools on the subject.

THE enormous circulation of the *POLICE GAZETTE* double number illustrating the great prize fight is still the talk of the country. The envious small fry who have thought to rival us must now perforce hide their diminished heads.

MISSIONARY work in Alaska has cost a great deal during the past three years but it doesn't seem to prosper. The natives are torturing and slaughtering witches and heathenish rites are on the boom. All the parsons manage to keep warm and draw their salaries regularly, however.

CHALLENGES and answers to challenges are resounding all around the circle of the horizon now that the *POLICE GAZETTE* has succeeded in reviving the prize ring by its intelligence, enterprise and money. Where now are the prophets who were so sure that the glories of the mill were gone forever?

WOULD it be impolite to ask the *Clipper* if it doesn't feel mean after squeezing through the small end of the horn in regard to the big prize fight which it predicted would be such a fizzle? If it doesn't feel so it looks so in comparison with the stately proportions of the *POLICE GAZETTE* as a sporting authority.

AMATEUR singers throughout the country have gone opera mad. "Patience" is their favorite. They all want to play the sweet young ladies of the cast but none of them want to tackle "Lady Jane," the fat gusher of the cast. They hire a "horrid professional actress" who has been fattened by beer to do that.

THE shrieking sisters are now howling to have women put on the police force in New York. Won't all the pretty fellows get off clear with all their sins then? But what is to become of us homely fellows? Won't we catch a clubbing if we stay out nights? We must sit down on that branch of woman's rights right here.

WE have more than trebled the largest newspaper circulation in America and yet we are not happy. There is no limit to our possibilities. Just wait till we accumulate our new presses and double our present facilities and we'll go over the land with a *POLICE GAZETTE* whirlwind of triumphant and unprecedented circulation.

AN English paper wants to know why we haven't long ago punished the polygamous Mormons. We answer because the majority of people over here are married men and having experience with one wife apiece they think that a Mormon with twenty has not only a good share of earthly punishment, but a foretaste of the punishment of Hades. This explanation is not exactly gallant, but it has the merit of being strictly true.

THIEVES have made an unsuccessful attempt to raid an East River, N. Y., ferryboat by putting out the lights in the cabin and robbing the marketmen while the boat was in transit. The plan was a good one and only the courage and fighting abilities of the tough chaps who are deck hands on the ferryboats prevented its successful issue. It may be successful at some future day so it behooves steamboat owners to look out for this new crank of the dangerous classes.

IF we must draw the line of dramatic criticism somewhere we draw it on the curved noses with which Haverly's deadheads are decorated in his New York theatres. Come back, Jack, and straighten out things.

A BEAUTIFUL young woman (of the west, of course) disputing the palm of beauty with a rival, settled the question by making a corpse of her rival. Now she is the more lovely beyond a doubt; but hers is a style of loveliness that has made no less a personage than the hangman attached to her, and she begins to feel that her victory isn't so very pleasant after all.

WHY doesn't Bergh make a trip to Centerville, Ark.? There, the other day, a man wagered heavily on the endurance of his mule. The animal was put into a threshing machine and was made to tramp three days without food or water. The man won but the mule died. How would it do to put the man in a treadmill and force him to perform the same feat?

ENTERPRISE and liberality must win. We have labored hard and expended money freely to make the *POLICE GAZETTE* the excellent illustrated and journalistic organ it is to-day. So there need be no great surprise manifested at the rush we have made to the top. We have won our way by a liberal money expenditure, guided by intelligence, to our prominent place and claim that we deserve it.

THE Italian actor Rossi objects to photographers sending around his bald-headed pictures. Romeo with a billiard ball top-piece isn't a charming spectacle for Juliet to gaze down on from her balcony if the moonlight happens to hit on it with a full glare—it is too icily suggestive of a skating pond. But why doesn't Ernesto wear a wig before the camera? That is the proper caper, Ernesto.

SEVERAL ambitious young men of Troy who think they can do better with the champion Sullivan than Paddy Ryan did, say they are anxious to make a match with him. Well, Sullivan is on his way to Troy and no doubt would be willing to give the ambitious ones a trial with the gloves at his exhibition. If they don't get knocked out in such a trial it will be time enough for them to talk fight after their experience.

NOW that the stakes in the championship prizefight have been paid over without cavil to their winner, what becomes of the prophets who were so very "soon" in their asseverations that the *POLICE GAZETTE* intended to withdraw its money and would not abide the issue? Time sets all things right and it has brought the *POLICE GAZETTE* right side up with care and it is going to stay away up where it has got all the time.

A PARTY of four boys obtained skeleton keys early in the present dramatic season and admitted themselves free to the Denver theatre every night. They were not caught until they began admitting other boys for a small fee. Those lads were born to be theatre-ticket sellers or agents. They had the racket down fine without going through a course of instruction in a metropolitan theatre. Wonderful intelligence of Western youth!

THEY'VE got the law down fine in Colorado. At Antonito, in that State, on the 18th inst., a case of murder was being tried in court and the lawyer for the prosecution ventured to cut loose his invectives on the rowdyism of the town, mentioning a certain bar-keeper. The latter, being notified by his friends, went to the temple of justice armed with two revolvers, and as he appeared at the front door, the court, jury, attorneys, prisoners and spectators lit out of the back and dug for the woods. The prisoners escaped, but will probably be recaptured and lynched. They say there's no necessity of letting lawyers "chin around them diggings," and rising young attorneys need not regard the citizens of Colorado as ripe enough in civilization to be their prey for at least a century yet.

SOME FUNNY BUSINESS.

Scintillations of Humor and Alleged Wit, Culled from Many Sources.

WOMEN are not cruel by nature. We never heard of one thoughtless enough to step on a mouse.

GRUBB is the name of a New Jersey militia General. He is first to the front and the last to leave a banquet.

CARPET designing is a new employment open to women. But women always have some design on the carpet.

JERSEY cashier: "I am guilty and willing to go to the Penitentiary. The depositors can go to the poor-house."

"MAMMA do you know what the largest species of ants are? You shake your head. Well, I'll tell you. They are elephants."

"WHAT is that man yelling at?" inquired Tommy of his younger brother. "At the top of his voice," replied the little one.

THE latest aesthetic slang when ladies reprove their admiring gentleman friends, is: "You flatter too awfully perfectly much."

A TALL man having rallied his friend on the shortness of his legs, the friend replied: "My legs reach the ground. What more can yours do?"

"DON'T you think Miss Brown is a sweet girl?" asked Henry. "Oh, yes, very sweet," replied James; "That is to say, she is well preserved."

A BOSTON Sunday school boy who, when asked to stand up and "say his verse," did it thus: "be not overcome of evil, but come it over evil with good."

SOMEBODY has figured out that there are fifty-one drinks in a gallon of whiskey. How many drinks make a drunk has not yet been arithmetically demonstrated.

A BREACH-OF-PROMISE case in Kansas has been continued three times on account of births in the family of witnesses. No wonder Kansas men are frightened off.

THE intelligent compositor left out the letter "d" in a paragraph about a beautiful actress, and informed the public that crows flocked to see her wherever she went.

"I SHOULD like to see somebody abduct me," said Mrs. Smith at the breakfast table the other morning. "I'm so should I, my dear, so should I," said Mr. Smith with exceeding earnestness.

A POET who signs her name Fannie Driscoll has written some verses, "Clothe me in Dreams." It strikes me that Miss Driscoll would do wisely to wait until July or August before venturing out in her new clothing.

A WIDOW was about to marry her fifth husband. Her pastor rebuked her for contemplating matrimony so soon again. "Well, I just want you to understand that if the Lord keeps on taking them I will too."

A BALTIMORE young woman who had loaned her earrings to another young woman while the other young woman had the fever attending vaccination, has found herself vaccinated in the ears, the jewelry having carried the contagion.

AN exchange tells of a young lady who, six months after a happy marriage, on being asked if she was much troubled with cold feet, simpered hesitatingly and with ingenuous simplicity replied: "Ye-yes; but—but they're not my own."

AN irritable man who was annoyed in an omnibus by the lady who sat next to him coughing violently, exclaimed: "That's a very bad cold of yours, madam." To which she meekly replied, "I know it, sir and I'm sorry for it; but the best that I've got."

MASTER TOMMY (he had been very naughty and was now amusing himself with his scripture prints) —"Here's Daniel in the lion's den." Mamma (incautiously)—"Ah, what was he cast into the lion's den for?" MASTER TOMMY (with triumph)—"Cause he was good."

MRS. SPARKS, of Indiana, is nearly 100 years old, and states that she has twelve children, eighty-five grandchildren, about 100 great-grandchildren, fifty great-great-grandchildren and a few great-great-great-grandchildren. This looks more like a configuration than Sparks.

A PHILADELPHIA man has invented an electric church pew, which will accomplish much good. They are of metal and so connected with the pulpit by a powerful battery that every time the preacher brings his fist down during the sermon the congregation is waked by a powerful shock. It will fill a long felt want.

HE had just taken his seat in the street car, in fact he had got fairly down, when a lady entered. He immediately arose. "Don't rise, sir; I beg of you, don't!" she said. "Great goodness, ma'am," he yelled, "I must! There's a pin three inches long set up on that seat!" She made no further objection to his rising.

A ST. LOUIS preacher says: "The sensuous philosophy of France has been grafted on the sturdy oak of Saxon stolidity, and has borne such hermaphrodite fruit as Keats and Swinburne. The hybrid seed was transplanted to Irish soil, and there grew up that cross between a sunflower and a head of cabbage, Oscar Wilde."

A NEWSPAPER man at St. Edward, Boone County, refuses to be comforted; even a cushioned chair has lost to him its charms. A mad dog tackled him in the rear last week, and secured a mouthful below the belt, which it held till scalded to death with hot water. Mr. Dwyer now stands up for the annihilation of the canine race.

A GENTLEMAN who was inspecting a house in the most fashionable part of Austin complained that the location was too dull and lonesome; that there was no life. "It may seem a little dull now," responded the owner of the house, "but you wait till the first of the month, when the grocers and butchers are trying to collect their bills, and you will think there is a fair or circus out in this part of town. I know it is a little dull during the day. That's the way it is in all fashionable localities, but just wait till about twelve o'clock at night when these high-toned roosters come home drunk, and pound on their front doors and whoop."

Lives of the Poisoners.

HOW THEY KILLED AND WHAT THEY KILLED WITH.

BY A MEMBER OF THE NEW YORK BAR.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE BRAVO MYSTERY.

About thirty years ago there returned to England from Australia a gentleman named Campbell. He had made a large fortune in the palm days of sheep farming and in common with most of his countrymen under such conditions determined to enjoy the life of an English country gentleman. He accordingly purchased Buscot Park, a large estate in Berkshire, some eighty miles from London, and soon achieved a position in the county and a place in "Parke's Landed Gentry." Mr. Campbell was married and had one child, a daughter named Florence.

In September, 1864, Florence Campbell married Captain, the son of Mr. and Lady Catherine Ricardo, a handsome young man of twenty-one. He was a wild young fellow and a hard drinker. His wife developed a similar taste and they frequently quarreled in their cups. Upon the advice of their physician they put themselves under a course of water cure treatment to overcome their alcoholic passion. They took lodgings at Malvern in Mid-England, where a Dr. Gully ran a very celebrated establishment of that sort. Mrs. Ricardo put herself under Dr. Gully's care but the doctor declared that he never attended her husband. Whether he did or not, the captain suffered from frightful vomiting fits, sometimes having, according to the testimony of his mother-in-law, sixty in a single day. He recovered from them eventually but with a constitution shattered and a stomach utterly destroyed.

He accused Dr. Gully, a man of seventy with a family and a straight-laced reputation, of attempting to poison him or rather of furnishing his wife with poison to administer to him. In a few words, Ricardo suspected his wife of improper intimacy with Gully. He left her and took divorce proceedings but before the case came on died at Cologne in April, 1871, with a faithful valet and a mistress with whom he lived as his only deathbed companions.

Mrs. Ricardo was now free and rich, for Ricardo had settled a large sum on her before he had time to discover her frailty and her father had done the same. She had some \$15,000 a year. She continued her intimacy with Gully which now, by her own admission, became a guilty one. Her family, especially her father, of whom she was in great awe, objected to what they deemed her preposterous but innocent infatuation for this elderly Esculapius and at length forbade her their house. She went to live by herself with a duenna to lend her independent condition less liable to gossip than if she had set up housekeeping entirely alone. This duenna, a Mrs. Cox, was a widow. She had connections in Jamaica and thus became acquainted with a Mr. Joseph Bravo, who had a partner there.

Mr. Bravo came with his family to stay at Brighton and through Mrs. Cox became acquainted with Mrs. Ricardo, who was sojourning there. Mrs. Bravo had been married before to a Mr. Turner but her son by Mr. Turner took his step-father's, Joseph Bravo's, name. This son, Charles Bravo by name, was not long in falling in love with the young and wealthy widow.

Bravo was a young man with an indifferent reputation for morality. He had a mistress and a child by her. He had only an income of \$1,000 a year during his mother's life but he could and did get what he wanted from his step-father, who doted on him. He confessed his mistress and bastard to Mrs. Ricardo, who in return admitted her liaison with old Dr. Gully. Then they forgave one another and got married.

After the marriage they went to live at Balham, a pleasant suburb south of London where Mrs. Ricardo owned a house. Dr. Gully occupied a house at Balham, close to the Priory, as the Bravos' house was called, and was constantly crossing Bravo's path. Prior to the marriage Gully even had a key of the Priory garden gate, though Mrs. Bravo swore that this had been given up. Mrs. Cox, the duenna, frequently met Dr. Gully and had long and confidential confabs with him. All these things considered it was no wonder that Charles Bravo grew jealous and that frequent quarrels ensued between him and his wife. Mrs. Cox in these matters sided with her mistress; she hated the Bravos because they objected to Mrs. Bravo paying her \$1,500 for doing nothing, not unnaturally regarding that payment as so much money thrown away.

The Bravos had been married four months and were on the worst of terms with one another, making up after each quarrel only to break out more fiercely than ever again. After one of these battles on the 18th of April all seemed satisfactory between them. They dined together and at dinner Bravo drank Burgundy. Mrs. Cox and Mrs. Bravo drank Marsala or sherry. About 8 o'clock Mrs. Bravo, who was in delicate health, retired. Mrs. Cox accompanied her to the dressing-room with sherry and water. Presently, Mrs. Cox swore, Mrs. Bravo told the maid to fetch her some Marsala and water. While she went for it

Bravo, who had probably met the maid on the stairs, came into the room and said:

"You have sent for some more wine, you have drunk nearly a bottle to-day."

He then left. Within a short time the maid came in and said, "Mr. Bravo is very ill." Mrs. Cox, according to her story, rushed to his room, when she saw Mr. Bravo standing by the window. He said, "Mrs. Cox, I have taken poison for Dr. Gully; don't tell Florence." A local doctor was summoned. Meanwhile Bravo was dreadfully sick but what he threw up was by direction of Mrs. Cox thrown away. Mrs. Cox said, "I did not tell Dr. Moore anything that Mr. Bravo had said as to taking poison, because as Dr. Moore was a stranger and belonging to Balham I thought there would be such a dreadful scandal and that if Mr. Bravo recovered he would be angry."

Finally two other doctors were sent for, one of them, Mr. Royes Bell, being a cousin of Mr. Bravo, and Mrs. Cox told this gentleman Charles said he had taken poison. To the physicians who interrogated him the dying man said he had taken laudanum and when one remarked that that did not account for the symptoms from which he was suffering and that he must have taken something else, Mr. Bravo then said, "I have taken laudanum and if it was not laudanum, so help me God I do not know what it was."

This was the end of poor Bravo. He died with the Lord's Prayer upon his lips. The circumstances under which he died were so suspicious that an inquest was ordered. Tartar emetic was found in the stomach of the corpse. A watchman named Griffiths, who was in Dr. Gully's service at Malvern in July, 1869, when Ricardo, who, it will be remembered, was sick sixty times a day, was there, and who was employed by Mrs. Bravo until her marriage, when Bravo discharged him, testified that he had purchased tartar emetic in large quantities to administer to his horses and swore that he had thrown away or mislaid the bottle. This man, it was discovered, had remarked to an acquaintance on the day of his mistress' recent wedding, speaking of Bravo: "Poor fellow, I would not like to be in his shoes. He won't be alive for four months." Within that time Bravo died as we have shown.

Much more evidence of such circumstantial character was adduced and the guilt of her husband's death seemed to bear directly upon Mrs. Bravo. But the testimony was not as convincing to the public as to the lawyers. The jury found themselves utterly unable to fix the guilt. They could only say that the poor young man had been poisoned, without finding his wife an instrument in the poisoning, and she went free.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE SPOOKS OF THE OLD BOWERY.

A Tradition of Tom Hamblin's Time Verified in an Unexpected Manner.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The famous old Bowery theatre in New York has within three years fallen into the hands of the Germans and has had its designation changed to the Thalia Theatre. But in spite of every change and every renovation it is the old Bowery still and the shades of the old time will lurk in the dark recesses of its great cavernous stage. There are legends, too, that will not disappear before the advance of the beery Teuton and traditions whose flavor cannot be overpowered by the odors of Limburger from the beer saloon that has been conjoined with the old temple.

Among these traditions is one implicitly believed in by all the old actors. It is to the effect that once a year, about the holiday times, the ghostly Tom Hamblin stalks on his stage with tragic tread and summons his old company about him. There are those who pretend to have been belated in the theatre in the small hours and who have seen the famous Mrs. Shaw, Mrs. Herring, old Gates and Tom Flynn grouped about in a ghostly masquerade while the border lights burned blue. A fresh impetus and authenticity has been given to these stories lately by the corroboration of the German night watchman of the theatre. He startled his employers last week by declaring that the house is haunted and that every night during the week between Christmas and New Year's he had been the terror-stricken witness of a rehearsal of ghostly actors, directed by a big, curly-headed actor in a Roman toga. His description of Hamblin and Mrs. Shaw and the rest of the old company was so accurate and the fact that he did not understand English and was describing people and scenes he had never seen or heard of before, is considered wonderful among the old stagers, who triumphantly quote the German's experience as a guarantee of the truth of the favorite tradition. If the lessees of the old theatre could manage to admit the public to these ghostly performances, which are said to begin an hour or so after the regular nightly entertainment is finished, they would have the biggest houses ever heard of and there would be a limitless run.

THREE tramps, consisting of an old woman named Miller, a young woman and a girl, made a fire in the woods near Columbus, Ohio, on the night of the 1st inst. and lay down to sleep. In the night the young man rolled the old woman, who was drunk, into the fire and she was roasted to death.

THE DEVIL'S OWN.

Some Deeds in Which Satan Does Not Conceal His Agency.

On testimony given a few weeks since by J. N. Brown, a well-to-do farmer, the bagnio of Carrie Bradley, in Portland, Oregon, was raided. The next week his dead body was found in the river weighted down with stones. Everyone says the gentle Carrie did the job or had it done.

ALEXANDER FORD, of Centralia, Mo., went home drunk on the night of Feb. 11 and the next morning early got up with a headache. He called his daughter, a young girl of 16, to bathe his head and while she was attending him he seized on and ravished her. He was arrested on complaint of the mother of the girl and the citizens are gathering force sufficient to carry the jail and lynch him.

ONE day last week a young man, Elmer Harman, of Newport, Ohio, became enraged at his rich old uncle, John Harman, because he would not give him money. The uncle was 80 years old and blind but that did not deter the young scoundrel from beating his brains out with a club and pounding his face to a jelly. Young Harman has lit out but the whole county is up in arms and Judge Lynch is after him in a towering passion.

At Poplar Bluff, Mo., a train drew up for a few minutes' stop. George James, a desperado, went out on the platform to stretch his legs saying the journey had been a very dull one and he wanted some fun. Seeing a man named Botts in the waiting room the ennuie passenger drew his revolver and put three bullets into him, killing him on the spot. James then mounted a horse and rode off and hasn't been caught yet. That's the way they break the monotony of a journey in Missouri.

A LOVE-MAD fool named William Fedre, aged 29, was infatuated with a girl named Nellie Ryan, an inmate of a disreputable house in Syracuse. On the night of Feb. 12 he was refused admission to the den because of the annoying jealousy he had manifested when Nellie received the attentions of other men. In his rage he broke down the door, shot down Lizzie Stokely, the woman who kept the house, fired two shots at Nellie, the second taking effect in her breast, and then fled to his home, told his parents of his deed and obtaining another revolver fired two bullets through his head. The Ryan girl and the other woman were declared mortally wounded.

HE WANTED TO BE AN ANGEL.

A Burglar Goes to Church, Gets Religion and is Put in Jail in Consequence.

[Subject of Illustration.]

At New Carlisle, Ind., a very exciting religious revival has been in progress for a month and the converts have been many. One Friday evening about three weeks ago, the Rev. Mr. Tuck, of Michigan, preached a very powerful sermon and at its close invited all among the young men present who thought they had experienced a change of heart to come forward to the altar.

There had arrived in town that afternoon a young burglar named Arthur Thomas, who had a plan laid to crack the safe in the town bank that very night, but as he had arrived too early to begin work he dropped into the church to pass the time. When the parson gave this invitation this burglar had a spasm of remorse. To the astonishment of the congregation he waltzed up to the altar rail and began flinging his burglar tools away—producing a jimmy, a bit, a sand-bag club, a mask, a dark lantern, some skeleton keys, fuse and some powder and throwing them in a heap in front of the pulpit. Then he began to confess, saying first of all that he had got religion at last. He said he had learned the crib-cracking business with a first-class burglar of Chicago, and that he had been in some very important and profitable affairs.

The sexton sent for the sheriff while the burglar was relating his experience, and just as he was about to ask the brethren to join him in prayer, the officers of the law entered, clapped handcuffs on him and carried him off to jail. It was in vain he protested he wanted to be an angel; the congregation wouldn't have it, and the parson had doubts about his ability to transform him into a cherub at short notice.

A BRIDEGROOM "GIVEN AWAY."

[Subject of Illustration.]

The Rev. Mr. Hunt, of Detroit, Mich., received a hasty visit one evening last week, at his residence, from a young couple who mildly requested that he should unite them in matrimony by the most expeditious process of wedding known to his trade. Having answered the questions satisfactorily they were told to peel for business, and taking off their wraps arranged themselves before the parson and his gaping family in bridal array. The ceremony had progressed to the point of giving the bride away, and there was some little delay in the response, whereupon the bridegroom was "given away" instead in the most astounding manner.

An ill-clad little boy, who had rung the bell and had dodged by the servant, rushed into the room and seizing the bridegroom by the tail of his coat, paralyzed the company by shouting in a husky, boyish falsetto: "Papa, mamma's waiting for you on the corner!" At

the window soon after a tapping was heard, and the pale face of a woman was seen pressed against the glass, she having climbed to the balcony from the stoop.

Of course this broke up the wedding, the parson frowned, for he had lost his fee, the bride wept because she had lost a husband, the bridegroom swore because he had been found out, and the deserted wife was all tears and forgiveness; but the little boy who had performed the ceremony of "giving away" on the occasion—how felt he? He grinned. He was the only thoroughly happy one in that bridal party.

HISTORY OF A CRUEL MURDER.

The Crime for Which Lewis A. Rose Has Been Hunted Down.

Within a year a man named Andrew Ware, aged 46, and his son Benjamin, aged 12 years, settled on a farm in Elsworth county, Kansas, adjoining the lands of a farmer named Lewis A. Rose. After a residence of two or three months on the farm the man and boy disappeared, and the neighbors began to ask questions. Then Rose ran away from his home, leaving behind a young wife and child, and the sheriff organized a searching party to find the Wares. Rose's wife was questioned, and was finally frightened into making a revelation of the facts in the case. Her statement is as follows:

"One Sunday afternoon, Sept. 24th, about one hour after Mr. Johnson left our house, Mr. Rose took his gun and got on his mule and went, as I supposed, over to his timber claim. He told me when he went out that the old man and the boy were in the corn field. The boy soon after came to the house and told me that Mr. Rose had shot his father in the breast. My husband soon after came into the house and said that he had shot the old man. He told the boy to go with him to the stable. The boy asked Mr. Rose what he was going to do with him, but Mr. Rose made no reply that I heard. He took the boy to the stable and killed him. After shooting the old man he dragged him into a ravine and left him, and then he took him on a wheelbarrow to the stable. He stationed me on a hill near by to watch if anybody came. I was to come down the hill if I saw anyone coming, but I saw no one. Sunday night he took the bodies into the potato patch and buried them (the ground was plowed over so that no marks of fresh dirt was found). The clothing of the murdered man and boy was taken from their house to the house of Mr. Rose and was burned by Rose and myself. The bedding and other effects were taken to a straw stack on another farm and secreted in the stack."

The citizens offered \$200 reward for the murderer's body, dead or alive, and he was finally run down by a scout in the Indian Territory, on Dec. 3d, and is now safe in jail in Hays City, Kansas. His trial is soon to come on, but Judge Lynch has cast his eye upon him, and will probably get him before he reaches court.

CAPTURE OF A CANNIBAL.

The Hermit Who Sated and Ate His Enemies Tracked Through a Wilderness and Brought in.

The cannibal hermit Oscar Beckwith, who not only murdered but ate the woodchopper, S. A. Vandercreek, in the woods near Austerlitz, N. Y., has been persistently hunted since Jan. 11, when his crime first became known. Gangs of searchers were organized, who vowed to wreak a terrible vengeance on the old man if they could only manage to trace him to his new hiding place. Others again were inspired to search by the reward of \$500 for the bloodthirsty monster.

The woods were full of these hunters after the human game and not a bush was left unbeaten nor a stone unturned in the close quest for the wretch. Among the searchers were two young men named Nelson Lown and Norman Weaver who, fully armed and equipped, had started out on their own hook to track the fugitive. After a fortnight's hunt, covering many miles, they ran down their game. Weaver had known Beckwith for several years and was acquainted with his haunts and habits. The young men finally struck a fresh trail of a man and a dog evidently traveling in company and came upon them suddenly in a little clearing in the dense woods. The wretch had no chance to escape and standing at bay he fought like a wild beast. He was armed with a woodchopper's axe and accompanied by a huge mastiff dog that showed fight at once. Nothing daunted, however, the young men attacked the wretch and after a desperate struggle succeeded in overpowering and binding him hand and foot. The dog was killed in the affray. The villain was taken to Rhinebeck and thence by train to Hudson, N. Y., where he was jailed.

There is great excitement in the vicinity of the jail, owing to the terrible nature of the fiend's crime. It will be remembered he killed Vandercreek, cut his body into five-pound pieces and salted it down in a pork barrel for his winter supply of meat. How many other victims he had eaten is unknown but rumor runs up an enormous total of corpses against him.

At Palmyra, Mo., George Mills, who committed rape on a married lady, was sentenced on the 6th inst. to six years' imprisonment.



STUART ROBSON.

[Photo. by Mora.]



W. E. CRANE.

[Photo. by Mora.]

Mayor Navin, of Adrian.

The boyish young man whose portrait appears in this number of the POLICE GAZETTE is mayor of Adrian, Mich., and has become famous through a very ambitious transaction in the city's bonds. He was elected to office, it appears, through his winning ways, 'his bonhomie and his good looks and was evidently the ladies' candidate. Nobody seems to know



THOMAS NAVIN,

MAYOR OF ADRIAN, MICH.; WANTED FOR GETTING AWAY WITH A FORTUNE IN CITY BONDS.

who he was nor where he came from previous to his appearance in Adrian a few years ago. He posed as the Adonis of mayors for a short time but a few weeks ago it came out that New York was flooded with bogus Adrian bonds, which the mashing mayor at first innocently declared he knew nothing about. Then he disappeared and investigation showed that he had signed the bonds to the amount of



CLARENCE M. BARTON,

EDITOR OF THE WASHINGTON "REPUBLICAN."



SPOOKS IN THE OLD BOWERY.

A GERMAN NIGHT WATCHMAN IN THE OLD DRURY IN NEW YORK, VERIFIES AN OLD LEGEND BY DETECTING TOM HAMBLIN AND HIS COMPANY ENGAGED IN A REHEARSAL IN THE SMALL HOURS OF THE NIGHT.

\$150,000 and negotiated them himself. The furious citizens had Alderman Clark, chairman of the Finance Committee of the Common Council, put under arrest as an accomplice, but the dashing young mayor they have not been able to lay hands on as yet. The crooked nature of the transactions in these bonds would not have come out for a year had not the managers of the Hartford Insurance Company in-



ELIZA NEWTON,

ONCE A FAVORITE METROPOLITAN ACTRESS; DIED IN WANT IN BELLEVUE HOSPITAL, N. Y.

quired about the validity of the issue. A warrant is out for Mayor Navin's arrest, but the Adrian people have no hopes of catching him, as they say he's too mighty smart. It is known that Navin must have had several confederates to work his big racket successfully and in the absence of proofs of who are the guilty ones the citizens suspect the entire city government.



A. M. SOTELDO,

JOURNALIST; SHOT AND KILLED BY C. M. BARTON.

Roasting a Boy Alive.

Mansonville, Canada, a little village just across the Canadian border, in Brome County, Quebec, has a thrilling sensation. It has come in the shape of revelations of the murder of a little orphan boy by a system of fiendish tortures. William Peters and wife, a young couple of unsavory reputation, recently took a little seven year old orphan boy from the home for destitute children at Knowlton, to keep until he attained his majority. For six months rumors have been afloat of inhuman cruelty upon the part of Peters and his wife toward the little fellow, whose name was Henry Sweet. These reports were brought to the attention of the authorities in Mansonville, but it seems no measures were taken by them to investigate the truth of the rumors. It was charged that Peters had held the little fellow's bare hands upon a red-hot stove until they were so burned that the skin and particles of the flesh were left on the stove, and then had sent him into the field to pick up stone from the frozen ground, besides other cruelties of the most inhuman character to the friendless child. Among other cruelties the child had been made to sit on the stove until he had been badly burned. Wednesday of week before last Peters went to the town

**TWO BEAUTIFUL "SLUGGERS."**

A BLONDE AND A BRUNETTE SETTLE A LOVE DISPUTE ACCORDING TO THE RULES OF THE LONDON PRIZE RING; LOUISVILLE, KY.

bailiff made his appearance at Peters' house he had fled. The woman was arrested. During the night she escaped from her keepers but was recaptured. Peters remained on the Vermont side of the line until the authorities acting strategically had discharged the woman after a preliminary examination for lack of evidence, and had spread the report that there was nothing in the case. The man then returned to his home and was at once seized and cast into prison. The woman was also re-arrested and there are rocky times ahead for both of them.

Our Bold Bandits.

As P. W. Alley, of St. Joseph, Mo., was about closing up his accounts and in the act of closing his safe for the night on the 12th ult., there stepped into his office a gentlemanly and urbane stranger, who said with a smile: "I'll take all the spare cash if you please." At the same time he presented a revolver. "Oh, certainly," replied Mr. Alley with a duplicate smile, drawing a knife and giving two vicious blows, one of which nearly severed the wrist of the stranger's pistol hand. The urbane gentleman fled with the reproachful exclamation: "My God! you've killed me!" Mr. Alley says he is afraid the fellow lied about it, and may not die after all.

**THE PEELER AND THE EELS.**

A NEW YORK "COP" POCKETS A DOZEN EELS WHICH PROVE TO BE VERY MUCH ALIVE, AND "GIVE HIM DEAD AWAY."

authorities to procure a burial casket, when it was ascertained that the boy was dead. The authorities were then aroused sufficiently to hold a coroner's inquest and post mortem examination, which revealed the fact that the



CHARLES W. STICKNEY,
WHO MURDERED THE SEDUCER OF HIS WIFE
IN A FIT OF JEALOUS RAGE; DENVER, COL.

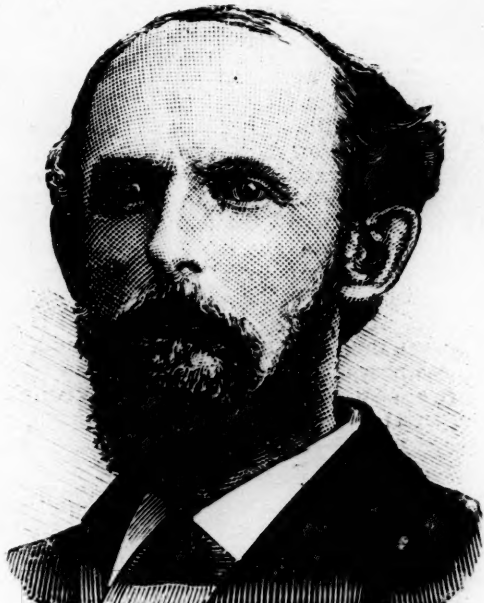
boy had been starved, beaten and pounded until he died. Pending this investigation, the Solicitor-General of Canada had been informed of the facts, and warrants were issued for the arrest of Peters and his wife, but when a

**ROASTING A BOY.**

HOW A PAIR OF FIENDS AT MANSONVILLE, CANADA, TORTURED A POOR ORPHAN CHILD TO DEATH.

**M. T. CAMPAU,**

OF DENVER, COL., KILLED BY C. W. STICKNEY
FOR SEDUCING HIS WIFE.

**DISTRICT ATTORNEY D. B. GRAHAM,**

ENGAGED IN THE PROSECUTION OF CHARLES
W. STICKNEY, AT DENVER, COL.

**MRS. H. O. DEVEREAUX,**

OF DENVER, COL., ACCIDENTALLY SHOT AND
KILLED BY C. W. STICKNEY.

**HON. THOMAS PATTERSON,**

OF DENVER, COL., COUNSEL ENGAGED TO DEFEND
CHARLES W. STICKNEY.

WEDDING FOR AN "AD."

Fair Clarice, of Chicago, Makes Cupid a Three Sheet Poster.

A Business Boom for a Bagnio Given Dead Away by the Wedding Guests.

She came into Chicago like a blonde tornado. She said she was going to make the town howl and she went right about it. First she beckoned the reporters to her and after putting up several bottles which they as freely put down, began to follow them up with her history. She said she was Clarice M. Coleman, the daughter of Judge W. C. James, of Council Bluffs, Iowa; that she was just sweet thirty and that she had passed the major part of the accumulated summers of her life in running magnificent bagnios and palaces of sin in every city on both continents, with special star engagements at San Francisco and Singapore.

At 14 she ran away from the Convent of the Sacred Heart at St. Joseph, Mo., and married a young lawyer of St. Louis named James T. Coleman. After she had been married a year her husband was killed in a bar-room row in Denver, Col. There she claimed that she had mashed Charley Thorne, the actor, and traveled with him over the country for a year or two. She also claimed to have made a tour of the world as the wife of a distinguished diplomat and after acquiring a great fortune had come to Chicago to settle down and establish a bagnio which for magnificence would excel anything ever seen outside of Paris or even in it. As a virtuous preliminary to this enterprise she had thought it best to get married, so she had put her mashing cap on again and had ensnared in the meshes of love a man named Charles M. Minot, a scion of one of the oldest families in New York, who had cast himself and his riches at her feet. They were to be married at the hotel that evening, she said, and she wanted all the reporters to be present to give her a good send off.

The boys agreed and that night the bridegroom was trotted out. He was evidently under the influence of drugs and wine and was so limp in his legs that the bride had to support him with a muscular grip as she stood before the parson. The ceremony was soon ended and then the reporters tried to interview him but they could elicit nothing but a sigh and an idiotic smile. The bride attributed his utter goneness to love for her.

"That's the way they all are when I mash them," she said gaily; "I go the whole figure when I go for a man."

Then there was more wine and the bride distributed business cards of the new establishment she intends to open, and the reporters began to tumble to the fact that the wedding had been gotten up simply as an advertisement for the palace of sin. As the scribes staggered out of the parlor, the blushing bride hiccupped after them: "Say-hic-boys-put in-hic-the big licks, now. Say-hic- it's a fashionable *bon ton* wedding in high-hic-society."

When the reports appeared the next day the "champion masher" bought first a cocktail as a nerver and then a revolver as a companion, and scouted the newspaper offices for vengeance. The scribes had given a "bang-up" description of the "bon ton affair" indeed, and moreover in their account of her romantic life had remarked that "the story is current on the levee that the fair Clarice was first beguiled from the path of virtue by a Lieutenant in General Washington's army at Valley Forge."

Hence the revolver, and the tears and the blood in Clarice's eye.

A LITTLE OF ALL SORTS.

Taking Odd Scraps of Scandal and Crime on the Fly.

THEY mean business when they fight duels in Mexico. At Guadalajara on the 17th inst. two rival editors, Senors Morelo and Sevorito, fought a duel with pistols. They fired simultaneously and both fell dead in their tracks.

A QUEER way they have of topping off festivities in Mississippi. At Goodman in that State Dr. J. B. Clayton was serenaded on the night of the 17th inst. by a party of young men. The compliment was very well received during the first half hour but when the frisky lads undertook to encore themselves through their repertoire of "Pinafore" the doctor got out his rifle and shot one of them, F. L. Lester, dead. Then he barricaded himself in the house and defended it against all his fellow citizens of the town during a 12 hour siege.

THE Missouri Pacific train was to have been robbed on the evening of the 14th inst. five miles from Kansas City but the authorities got warning of the plan and going to the spot where the robbers were ambushed, late in the afternoon, Captain Malloy and a platoon of policemen succeeded in capturing the whole party. There were four prisoners and among the "loot" a lot of guns, revolvers, masks and lanterns. The men captured are Jim Moon, Tom O'Shay, Pat Hanley and Peter Spear.

THOS. WARD, a notorious confidence man, was arrested and locked up in Chicago a week or two ago. During his stay of one night in a cell he pulled out his entire beard hair by hair to prevent his recognition by witnesses.

THE widow Gangin's cabin is located in the outskirts of Hoboken. Near it is the little

shanty which shelters Patrick Martin, a flagman on the Erie railroad. The widow is aged 55 and has a grown-up family of four. Martin has a wife and family of two. After two years of flirtation the widow and the flagman eloped last week and the two old turtle doves are supposed to be somewhere in the far West.

MATCHES NOT MADE IN HEAVEN.

Cases in Which Angels Prove Devils and Hymen's Torch is Hell Fire.

MRS. ELLEN COX, of Cincinnati, after finishing her honeymoon a year ago took a fancy to a stylish masher named George C. Eagles, who hailed from Massachusetts and is said to have served a term there. She ran away from her husband and concealed herself in obscure lodgings in the city where she could receive the visits of her new love. Her husband hunted diligently and succeeded in finding her after four months. He brought her back home and she remained just three days, when she disappeared again. She was met in the street by her husband one night last week and a scene was the consequence, the lady and her friends and the husband and his being taken to the station house followed by a mob. The lady refused to resume her duties as a wife and had to be discharged from custody. Both Mr. and Mrs. Cox are well connected but the woman's relatives say the devil inspires her.

MICHAEL ECKERT, of Cincinnati, left his wife a year ago and being pressed by the law for a reason said he was too old to support a wife. The court wouldn't have it.

ELLA SHORES, aged 14, of Westevor, Md., has just become a bride for the second time. On Feb. 5, 1890, she at the age of 12 married a Sidney Shores, her step-father, aged 35. Rev. Z. Bowen performed the ceremony. Bridegroom and parson were arrested. The former escaped from jail and disappeared and the parson was acquitted on the ground that he did not know the relationship of the pair. Shores had married his uncle's widow and she had not been dead more than two months when he induced Ella, her daughter by his uncle, to marry him as stated above. On the second day of the same month, two years afterward, the girl, now 14, married Howard E. White, aged sixteen.

JENNIE'S MASQUERADE.

Playing Man for a Year and Making Limitless "Mashes" as a Dry Goods Clerk.

There was a young man who lived at 109 Bowery, New York, whose effeminate beauty attracted the attention of Detective Adams, who noticed as he passed into the house on the evening of the 16th inst. that he had his ears pierced for ear-rings. Then the detective took the youngster to the Tombs, where he appeared in court dressed in a jaunty male rig—ulster, Derby hat and fine business suit. The prisoner acknowledged she was a woman and said her name was Jennie F. Westbrook, alias Sinclair. She had played the part of a man very well and had effectually concealed her sex. For over fifteen months she had been engaged as a waiter in Thompson's restaurant in Essex Market, serving men and mingling with men at all hours of the day and night. There she received \$9 a week and her board. Receiving an offer of higher wages at Ridley's dry goods store she worked there for two months and was a great favorite of the lady customers, her mashes being numerous, as a trunkful of letters found in her trunk will testify. Mr. Sidney Mounter, a merchant of White street, was her last employer and he liked the young man so well that he made him his confidential clerk. Only a few hours before her arrest Jennie was in a saloon with her employer and several other gentlemen, drinking and smoking and discussing the Ryan-Sullivan prize fight. Her only explanation was that she dressed in male attire because she could get better wages as a man than she could as a woman. She was sent to the Island for six months.

ROBSON AND CRANE.

[With Portraits.]

Since these comedians entered into a partnership which has resulted in the presentation of some of the most enjoyable performances theatre-goers ever have been treated to, their names have become so inseparable that any individual notice of them would be incomplete. We might find pretty faces enough to set beside theirs but Robson, without Crane or Crane without Robson would be Box with Cox left out, and Robson with anyone but Crane would be like placing Hamlet alongside of Handy Andy in a picture gallery. In the eternal fitness of things was ever well illustrated it is in the POLICE GAZETTE's Gallery of Favorites of the Footlights this week.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

AMONG the elopements reported this month are several in which mere children figure. Charley Chambers, of Topeka, Kan., aged 18, ran away Lucy Prescott, aged 13. They were married but arrested and separated after only two days of their honeymoon had passed.

LOUIS BAGDELY and Josephine Howard were only 15 and 14 respectively, but they found a clergyman to marry them at Oswego, N. Y. They had only a trade dollar for a fee and the minister demurred at the sum, so several sympathizing witnesses subscribed fifty cents more, and the knot was tied.

CROOKED CAPERS.

Scrapes and Scandals of all Sorts and from all Quarters.

GEO. ALLEN, cashier of the Savannah, Florida and Western Railway of Georgia, lit out a fortnight ago. He got away with \$6,000 of the funds.

ABOUT two months ago a gang styling themselves F. Koenig, Rheinhold & Co. opened a wholesale grocery, drugs and cigar business in Lincoln, Neb. It took them just eight weeks to get into the dealers to the extent of many thousands of dollars. Then they auctioned off their unpaid-for stock at a sacrifice and skipped. The cash business is now more popular than ever in Lincoln.

At Fort Wrangell, Alaska, an old woman accused of witchcraft was tied up to a tree and left for five days without food. Her thirst was meantime aggravated by salt water. After the torture had been made complete the infuriated people hacked her to death with knives. The fort bristles with parsons of various denominations and this is as far as they have got with their evangelical racket.

DOUGLASS W. VANDERHOOF, the very tony chief bookkeeper of the First National Bank of Minneapolis, Minn., is no vulgar thief. He is in jail, it is true, but the sum of his peculations is stated at the aristocratic figures \$48,600. He had been working the racket since June and some unlucky speculations in wheat with the bank's money brought him to the end of his rope. He had a very pretty little silver-mounted revolver in his pocket and begged the policeman who arrested him to let him commit suicide with it, but the peeler wasn't at all obliging and took away the plaything.

THE latest dodge of thieves comes from Columbus, O. The ticket seller of a traveling dramatic show sits alone separating his booty from the manager's "take." Enter a thief with a pistol. "Hold up your hands." Thief grabs a handful of money and skips out of the front door. This is the last story the ticket seller can resort to to account for a shortness in his accounts. But of course the ticket seller is honest; they all are. True, they wear diamond pins and buy sealskin saccos for their girls on twenty-five dollars a week but that is their business. In the last dodge it would be better for the ticket seller if he knew the thief and could whack up with him. It would make it easier for all parties except the manager.

THREE young fellows took the notion of dancing at the funeral of a dead comrade at Lawrenceville, Ill., while the funeral service was in progress, a couple of weeks ago. In the course of their choreographic demonstration of grief one of them fell into the grave and burst open the coffin lid but was hauled out by the other two. Then the mourners set up a howl and went for the three dancers, who made tracks across the country. Fearful of being lynched the fugitives paddled fourteen miles down the river in a leaky boat which finally sank under them. They swam to the shore but it was terribly cold and the next morning all three were found dead in the woods. The mob in return danced over their graves. Moral—they dance best who dance last.

ELIZA NEWTON, ACTRESS.

[With Portrait.]

We present in this issue the portrait of an actress once well-known and a favorite in the metropolis, Eliza Newton, who died in Bellevue Hospital on Feb. 7. Miss Newton was born in Dumfries, Scotland, in 1847. Her grandfather had been the manager of several theatres and her father, John Newton, was a favorite comedian in his time. Her life was fairly passed on the stage, her first appearance being made when she was a baby. She played at the Royalty Theatre, London, and in the provinces. Frederick Lloyd, the brother of Arthur Lloyd, met her and she became his wife and travelled over Great Britain giving entertainments. Her husband died and she left England for this country, coming here with Mr. J. H. Selwyn, her cousin, and made her debut October 31, 1864, at the Olympic Theatre in this city as Helen, in "Marguerite's Colors." She remained at the Olympic one season, and then returned to England to see her family. After an absence of one year she returned to New York, and was married to Mr. W. H. Blackmore, a merchant, of this city. At the commencement of the season of 1868-69 she joined Selwyn's company at Boston, but withdrew in a short time. She joined Brougham's company early in 1869, and remained until it broke up. She then took a farewell of the American stage at the French Theatre, intending to return to England, but illness prevented her departure. She afterwards appeared at most of the leading variety theatres in the United States and Canada.

A BATTLE WITH BANDITS.

In New Mexico the fights between highway robbers and the authorities has all the strategical qualities of genuine war. The last event of the campaign occurred near Albuquerque on Feb. 12, when the citizens of the town organized under the sheriff and took the field against the thieves. Sheriff Jones ran down his game in a shanty outside the town and demanded their surrender. The reply to this summons was a volley that killed Conrad Kreass, one of

the citizens who had been robbed the night before by the gang. Then the robbers made a sally for freedom and the fight became general. John Lynch, of their party and a lad of 18, known as "the Kid," were dropped by revolver shots. The third and last of the gang, Frank Lewis, was shot down after running a quarter of a mile. Sheriff Jones and his assistant, J. A. Fitzpatrick, were both severely wounded. A dozen more of this gang are said to haunt the neighborhood. The town and the citizens promise to lynch them on sight.

AFFAIRS OF THE HEART.

Quips, Cranks, and Fancies of Venus' Vicious Era.

MISS LILLIE BELLEW, of Slater, Mo., loved a young man. It was the old story of seduction and abandonment. When her baby was born she was turned out of doors by her rich uncle and her cousins, and for a month has been begging shelter and work from door to door. She died of exposure and privation on the 6th inst., leaving her poor babe to the mercies of the cold world.

MRS. JENNIE PAYTON, of Cincinnati, found her husband living with another woman named Essie Davis, and on the 7th inst. had him arrested on the charge of adultery. She is only 24 years old and has been abandoned by him four times in the five years of their married life. They never had any disputes, but his excuse for his conduct was, that she had children too fast for him. He preferred four mistresses to one wife on the ground of impenitency; four women being less expensive according to his theory than the same number of babies.

LILLIE BELL, aged 19, a handsome belle, of Datham, Ill., who died a few days ago of an abortion procured by unknown parties, was game to the last and refused to reveal the name of her seducer, saying she loved him. A well-known young man of Latham, who had been keeping company with her, left town in haste the day of her death, and all the gossips think his precipitate departure is a "dead give away."

MASHED BY A WITCH.

A Swain "All Broke Up" by a Charmer Who Breathes Blue Blazes Through Her Nose.

A case of witchcraft has puzzled a justice of the peace in Little Rock, Ark., lately. Jackson Holmes, an intelligent negro, accused a fine looking young colored girl named Catherine Martha of bewitching him and casting unpleasant magical spells on him. She acknowledged it, saying he had won her love and then trampled on her affections. Then her grandmother had revealed to her (the young woman) that she had been born a witch and by the exercise of her magical arts might revenge herself on her recreant lover. The bewitched lover testified that he loved Martha until one day he detected blue flames issuing from her nose as she breathed her affection for him. Then he saw she was a witch and tried to shake her off. After that he used to find voodoo charms on his doorstep after nightfall, and demoniac laughter used to ring through his house at midnight. Then he went into a decline and became a physical wreck in the hands of the doctors. The wise judge gravely declared that the only way to break the magical spell was for the bewitched victim to marry the young woman whose love burned so fiercely as to burst out in flames through her nostrils. Both parties agreed, and the justice performed the ceremony that changed a flaming witch to a demure bride.

AN EDITOR'S LATE "SENSATION."

There is a sensation in Wheeling, West Va., over a scandal in high quarters. A. W. Campbell, editor of the Wheeling *Intelligencer*, is a leading politician of that city and his young wife is a society leader and an acknowledged belle. The other night a week or two ago Campbell, whose editorial duties keep him in the newspaper office until near daybreak, returned home at the unusual hour of 3 A.M. As he was going in his hall door a man passed him in the dark and rushed out to the street. The editor pursued the stranger and recognized him as George K. Wheat, the leading merchant of Wheeling, and no chicken either, for he is gray-headed and has a wife and a family of grown-up daughters. The next day Campbell, finding his domestic case all knocked into pi, began a suit for divorce.

THE KILLING OF AN EDITOR.

[With Portraits.]

This week we present to our readers portraits of Clarence M. Barton, managing editor of the Washington *Republican*, and A. M. Soteldo, formerly editor of that paper and a well known journalist of New York, who came to blows and got into a pistol fight, as we have already reported, over an article offensive to Soteldo, published in the *Republican*. Since our last issue, when this editorial room affray was pictured and described, Soteldo has died of his wounds and Barton has been declared out of danger from his injuries in the affray. Barton's defence will be that Soteldo was killed by a shot from the pistol of his younger brother, who was firing at Barton with an unsteady aim.

HUSH MONEY;

OR,

THE MURDER IN THE AIR.

BY OSCAR SATTERLEE, P. D.

CHAPTER XV.

FACE TO FACE

"What happened for the next few days," the witness continued, "I cannot say. I was incapable of judging the events in which I was involved. I only know that when I really came to my senses I was in bed in a hospital, to which I had been taken from my rooms. My maid had fled with the money my husband had left for me, and whatever valuables she could lay her hands on. The landlord finding me alone and raving with fever, had me conveyed to a place where I could be properly taken care of.

"When I recovered sufficiently to go abroad I sold my furniture out, and with a couple of hundred dollars in my pocket, faced the world without an idea what my future should be.

"I dared not return to Grayport. I had no more idea of how I should go to work to earn a living than a baby. In this condition it can readily be imagined that my mind naturally turned to thoughts of vengeance on the man who had destroyed me.

"But how was I to avenge myself?

"I did not even know where to find him; indeed, I did not know if the name he had wedded me under was his own. In my blind infatuation I had believed all he had told me about himself without question and had made no effort to verify it. Now, a wife and not a wife, I was left literally groping in the dark for a husband who was yet a stranger to me. With shame behind me and a blank before me; without a friend, for in my isolated life here I had made no new acquaintances, and my pride forbade my applying to my old ones. I was left to work my own plans as best I could.

"Until my last penny was gone I kept up the search. I found that there was a firm of merchants down town one member of which was named Martindale, and found, moreover, that he was away on a business journey. Could this be he? I would wait until he returned. I would, at least, avoid all the scandal I could until that which I could not avoid was forced upon me.

"I waited days and weeks, and still the only answer was that Mr. Martindale was away. I was growing poorer and shabbier, till even the clerks and porters among whom I made my inquiries quietly began to jeer at me. I heard them speaking about me one evening while I was hanging about the door hoping against hope to meet my betrayer. They were laughing at my pursuit of their master, and from the way they spoke I could see that I was not the only woman who had ever sought him out.

"The next day I visited the store again. The answer was still that Mr. Martindale was away. I had got as far as the street corner when I turned to look back and saw a man coming out of the store.

"It was my husband himself!

"Then it flashed upon me that he had been playing with me, that under his instructions his employees had been putting me off from day to day. My first impulse was to draw the revolver I always carried now, and let it do the work I had destined it for; my second, to follow him and find out where I could, perhaps, avenge myself with less publicity. I was a fool yet. Through all my crimson fury I could see the old home and the old friends this man had deprived me of, and a lingering desire to hold what little place I yet had in their hearts stayed my hand.

"I followed him until he took a cab, and then pursued him in another. He crossed to Brooklyn. I crossed too, and dogging him thus I ran him down at a handsome house in a handsome street, where he was living with a woman he called his wife.

"I spent hours inquiring about him through the neighborhood. Some laughed at, others pitied me, madwoman that I seemed. But I found him out, and armed with all my information, and with my hand on my pistol, at ten o'clock that night I rang his door-bell.

"I had had a vague idea that he would open for me himself and that I could shoot him down then and there. But instead of him there came a woman, young, gentle and beautiful. In my confusion and my shabbiness she took me for anything but what I was. She led me in, she fed and made me comfortable. Under his roof, the woman who had succeeded me played the Samaritan to me.

"My life had been so lonely and despairing that her gentleness and kindness for the time overcame the fury gnawing at my heart. I held my place and answered her inquiries as best I could with any lie that suggested itself. Little by little, as I became more self-possessed, a new idea took possession of me.

"She believed me to be a poor, homeless creature, whose distress she could relieve. She begged me to remain until her husband came. Her husband! He had gone out, she said, on business, but would soon return, and she had no doubt would be as happy to aid

me as she was. She spoke of him as women speak whose honeymoon has not yet turned to gold. With my brain full of devils and a veil of blood before my eyes, I listened to her artlessly giving expression to the very sentiments I once had entertained about this very man!

"She had been married to him a month. They were living quietly until he could arrange his affairs and take her abroad. Great God! She told me my own story over again. Was this man a human being or a devil? Were we two the only victims he could count, or did they number others still?

"As she spoke, modestly yet with evident pleasure at having some one to confide in, a singular mixture of sentiments took possession of me. I despised yet pitied her; I hated yet began to love her; I could have fallen on her neck, and stabbed her while my tears mingled sympathetically with hers.

"But I did nothing of the kind. I sat with murder at my heart, with murder singing in my ears in the wind that went by outside, and in every word she spoke, and let her talk, talk, stabbing me to the heart with her innocent tongue.

"A couple of hours passed in this way. Then I heard a quick step in the street outside; a step I knew and had listened for only too often. My heart stopped beating and a flood of blood seemed to gush into my brain.

"She started up with a quick, joyous cry.

"There he is now," she said.

"Who?" I gasped.

"My husband," she replied.

"I could have sent a bullet crashing through her brain for that answer, but my will was stronger than my passion and I bided my time.

"A key rattled in the lock. We were in the front parlor. She excused herself briefly and went out into the hall.

"I heard the door open, heard her cry out, and his voice respond and then the sound of a kiss!"

Margaret Martindale stopped suddenly. Her face was as pallid as the face of the dead; her eyes blazed; her voice was hoarse and choked with passion. The silence in the court was breathless when she passed her handkerchief over her lips with a trembling hand. There was a stain of blood upon the cambric when her fingers released it and it fluttered to the floor.

"A few minutes that seemed days to me passed," she resumed; "she was telling him of my presence there and he was reproving her for it.

"Reproving her for what?

"For introducing a stranger into the house, just as he had once warned me not to do!

"Her arguments overpowered his objections however. At least he gave in finding that he could not even mend the matter.

"Well, well, darling," he said: "since you wish it, let it be so."

"She can remain?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Then come in and see her, you dear good fellow. There!"

"You see," said the witness to the judge; "my memory is both good and honest. I remember everything and tell it, even to my disadvantage."

"You do indeed," gasped the judge. "But what followed?"

"The door opened and they came in together. I was sitting in front of the fire with my back to them, she said:

"My dear, here is my husband, and he wishes to speak to you."

"Yes," he said: "My wife has told me of you, and I am pleased to meet you and to be able to assist you."

"I sprang up and faced him.

"Are you?" I cried.

"He saw me, standing in the blaze of the gas, and staggered back, grasping at the open door for support, and uttering a terrible cry. She leaped forward, white faced, wild with sudden fright and screamed:

"My God! What is the matter?"

"His lips moved but gave vent to no articulate sound. She turned on me and demanded:

"Who are you?"

"Who am I? I shouted; 'I am your lover's wife.'

"And I levelled the revolver I had drawn upon the villain, crouching against the wall beside her, with his averted face buried in his hands."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NOT WISELY BUT TOO WELL.

H. H. SPONABLE, of Parsons, Kansas, met Mrs. Mollie Wareham and Miss Kate Croft, both beautiful young women, in the street one day last week and smiled at them. He imagined that they smiled back and thereupon he fell madly in love with both. That night he sent a letter making an appointment for successive days. He was to meet first the young wife, Mrs. Wareham. He went to the street corner he had named and was confronted by both the beauties who, furious, collared him and armed with pieces of plank pounded him so severely about the head and shoulders that if the night watchman had not come on the scene he would have been killed. Now Mr. Sponable lies in bed and will lie there for several weeks covered with sticking plaster and bathed in arnica—a victim of too much love.

A BUNCH OF HORRORS.

A Five Days' Record of Bloody Crimes and Outrages.

TEXAS chivalry again. Emile Tonn, of Lexington, Texas, insults a lady in the street on Jan. 31. George W. Sibley pauses to rebuke him. Tonn pulls his pop on Sibley and Sibley pops off Tonn with his silver-mounted revolver. "And of such is the kingdom of Heaven," according to the gospel of Texas.

At Sacramento, Cal., Joseph Hurtado slugs Jose Antonio Estuardo. The former had him arrested and fined. The latter leaves the court room, conceals himself in a doorway and when Estuardo comes out shoots him four times. The murderer was captured and locked up but has probably been lynched ere this.

HENRI DORRANCE, aged 19, the youngest of three brothers who are under sentence of five years in State prison at New Orleans, La., for killing E. C. Mix, attempted to shorten his term by shooting himself in the breast in the prison on the 5th inst. The question is where did he get the pistol? Or do they keep such things lying around loose as prison ornaments in Louisiana?

On the 6th inst. there was a row and a sensation at Tunnelton, Ind. Three burglars, named Edgar Wilson, Jack Whitehead and Nick Bond, all residents of the vicinity, were shot to death while engaged in a burglary on a house in town. They had long been suspected of crookedness. Ben Willoughby agreed to play detective for the citizens and worked himself into the robbers' league. He led them into a trap and escaped himself before the shooting began. They planned, he says, to go first to the house of one Meyers—where they were killed—starting at midnight. After they had robbed that they were to go to the residence of Thomas Clarke, kill him if he resisted, gag his wife and get all the money and finish off the night by robbing the residence of Dr. Guthrie. Willoughby having given them away, a band of citizens well armed with shot guns gathered in an empty car standing on a side track of the railroad within forty feet of the first building to be robbed. As soon as the robbers entered the mob surrounded the house. Willoughby was permitted to run away but the others were shot down as they came out. All the bodies were frightful spectacles, Whitehead's especially so. His eyes had been shot out and his body frightfully riddled with bullets and slugs. The gang had brought a pair of pincers with which they intended to tear the tongue from the mouth of Dr. Guthrie if he refused to tell them the combination of his safe.

GAMBRINUS IS KING.

[Subject of Illustration.]

There are more ways than one of drinking beer, as no reader of the POLICE GAZETTE, probably, needs to have stated to him. The fashions our artist has illustrated are probably the most popular ones. The amber beverage of Gambrinus counts its votaries in all ranks, classes and races of mankind, and their ways of enjoying the exhilarating fluid are as various as themselves. The matter-of-fact Teuton takes his family to the beer garden, and from baby to grandmother, from pretzels to sausages or sourkraut, the feast is discussed, while the melody of a proletarian band discourses familiar, homely strains to the listening ears. When summer sheds its glow over the land, Gambrinus goes upon his travels, and is worshipped by these same devotees at picnic ground and seashore; but summer or winter they worship him somewhere, and he his temple under green trees or frescoed ceilings, his worship is equally hearty and pleasant to the worshippers.

In marked contrast to the unpretentious comfort in which the humble beer devotee gets away with his fluid, is the splendid way in which our gilded youth consumes the beverage. The difference is a wide one between Koster & Bial's splendid concert hall and the dingy meeting rooms of the east side, but the end they serve is the same, and after all, the swells who clink glasses over the polished tables at the one place seek no more pleasure from them than the hard-fisted toilers who lean their elbows on the battered planks of the brewery bar, and prepare for their day's distribution of the kegs with vigorous samplings of their contents.

It is no wonder that when his popularity is so universal, Gambrinus should be crowned king. It would be well for mankind if there was no greater or more baleful tyrant in the world than the jolly monarch before whom the beer drinker bows.

COASTING UNDER FIRE.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The American small boy has come to regard coasting as his special prerogative. From the time the revolutionary Boston boys protested to the British general against the desecration of their pleasure hill upon the common until now, you could not argue a future President out of his right to sled down hill with anything short of a battery of cannon. The girls are graciously permitted to enjoy a bite at the apple now and then, but it is a privilege conceded to them as a favor, not a right.

It was probably this sentiment which brought about what threatened to be a serious riot in Brooklyn last week, when a party of

jolly girls took possession of the sleds of a coasting party on the Nostrand avenue lot, and undertook to run them on their own account. The police arrived in time to prevent fatalities, but there are some young ladies in the city of churches now who take a street car when they pass that neighborhood, and who have an opinion of small boys and snowballs that would not read well in print.

THE DANCE OF DEATH.

How a Jilted Colorado Girl Avenged Her Wrongs With Giant Powder.

[Subject of Illustration.]

It is rare that the women of the far west are reduced to making sacrifices for love. Belles are so scarce out there that generally it is the crowd of swains who are ready to sacrifice themselves for their affections. There is one authenticated case, of recent occurrence, however, in which the order of sacrifice is reversed.

In a mining camp not many miles from Denver, a young woman named Mary Welles, who was supposed to have the "dead wood," emotionally speaking, on a lucky young miner named Ben Jial, who had lately "struck it rich," inasmuch as she had shaken all the boys for him, was doomed to bitter humiliation. After Ben's good luck he announced that he intended to go to Chicago and live and enjoy his wealth. He broke the news to Mary, and told her that he was only fooling with her, and she could easily get another "feller" from among the many who wanted her. For his part, he was going for a fine "up and up" Chicago girl. She took this all in with only a few tears, and only claimed of him a final dance at the merry-making the boys and girls got up for him on the occasion of his farewell. He agreed, and she had her revenge.

As they waltzed about the room to the strains of a cracked fiddle, she threw a cartridge of giant powder into the fire near them. The explosion blew the house to atoms and killed the girl and her false lover who died in each other's arms. Several others were injured but none fatally.

THEY FORMED AN ATTACHMENT.

[Subject of Illustration.]

On a railroad train near Butte City, Montana, a deputy sheriff and the conductor in a pause between the hands of their game of euchre, noticed that a beautiful young lady and a natty "drummer" from the east, who were sitting side by side, had each fallen asleep.

The conductor conceived an idea. It would be a good joke to get a pair of handcuffs from the sheriff and link the two sleepers together. No sooner said than done. The fair maid and the snoring drummer had their wrists linked together in bands of steel; and yet they slept on. While the precious sleepers were enjoying the situation, a thief picked the sheriff's pocket, and got away at the next station with his pocketbook.

The conductor managed to raise a great racket to awaken the sleepers, and had a roaring good time in enjoying their consternation on finding themselves so firmly linked together. At last the joke, which had been accepted very pleasantly by the victims, began to pall, and the young lady found the train approaching her station. The conductor asked the sheriff for the key of the handcuffs. He felt for it, and vowed with an oath, and a frantic war dance that "Some blank blanked son of a blank" had stolen not only the key but his pocketbook full of money.

The train was delayed an hour while the conductor filed off those steel wristlets, and both he and the sheriff were the "sickest" jokers you ever saw for the balance of the trip.

BAPTIZING A BLACKGUARD.

[Subject of Illustration.]

There is a lady interested actively in the woman's rights movement who adds to youth, beauty and intelligence an amount of "ginger" which, if it were a quality common to her whole sex would certainly entitle them to every privilege of independence she claims for them. Recently this fair reformer was billed to lecture in an uptown hall in New York. A squad of students from one of the metropolitan schools organized themselves into a committee to express their disapprobation of the lady's views. They filled the front seats and lost no opportunity of venting their opinions in all sorts of unmannerly interruptions. Finally one of the foremost of the disturbance committee expressed himself after a fashion which would not have been permitted in a parlor or a Sunday school.

His punishment was prompt and effective. Snatching up the water picher from which she had been refreshing herself the lady emptied its contents over the stylish blackguard's face and shirt front.

The lecture proceeded without further interruption, and there is one New York student who will not talk slang at a lady for some time to come, to say the least.

BEN WYMAN and Lizzie Karle, each aged 12 years, eloped from Temperancetown, Mich., but spending an entire day in calling on clergymen and justices of the peace, had to return home unmarried.



COASTING UNDER FIRE.

THE MANNER IN WHICH CERTAIN SMALL BOYS RESENTED AN INTRUSION ON THEIR PET WINTER SPORT, AT BROOKLYN, L. I.



THE BOSS 'DEAD HEAD.'

HOW TWO FULL HANDS TOOK THE DFCR IN THE BOX OFFICE OF THE COLUMBUS, O., OPERA HOUSE.



A MISER'S SAD FATE.

NOW A WEALTHY WESTCHESTER, N. Y., RECLUSE CAME TO HIS DEATH THROUGH HIS PRECAUTIONS AGAINST ROBBERS.



GUILTEAU SELLING OUT.

HOW THE ASSASSIN WORKS THE RELIC HUNTER FOR ALL HE IS WORTH IN WASHINGTON JAIL.



THE BONDS OF STEEL.

HOW A CONDUCTOR HANDCUFFED TWO SLEEPING BEAUTIES TOGETHER ON A TRAIN NEAR BUTTE CITY, MONTANA, AND HAD THE JOKE TURNED ON HIM.



A BRIDEGROOM "GIVEN AWAY."

A WEDDING STOPPED AT DETROIT, MICH., BY THE WHISPER OF A LITTLE BOY, "PAPA, MAMMA'S WAITING ON THE CORNER."

A CELEBRATED CASE.

The Stickney Murder Trial, Its Peculiar Phases and Principal Actors.

The Story of the Crime and History of the Woman Who Ruined Two Lives.

[With Portraits.]

The sensation of Denver, Colo., for some weeks past has been the trial of Charles W. Stickney for the murder of M. T. Campau and the accidental killing of Mrs. Devereaux, a passer-by on the promenade at the time of the melee in Denver, Col., on May 31, 1891.

The young man who is accused of this crime and whose portrait we give with that of his victims, his counsel and the prosecuting attorney, is highly connected, has hosts of friends and is a graduate of Harvard College. His classmates of that college, among whom are numbered several professors, have combined, raised a sum of money and sent a committee of their number to Denver to see to it that everything possible is done to save him. A feature of the case is the devotion of his only sister to him in his hour of trial. The two were always very affectionate and up to the time of her marriage Stickney devoted himself and his earnings as a clerk to her support, even using his savings to send her on a trip to Europe, where she finished her education. During the war he was a clerk to General Grant and afterwards to General Sherman. After the war he saved enough money from his salary as a clerk to pay for a course at Harvard college, whence he graduated with high honors. Before going to Harvard he married a society belle of Albany, N. Y., but she could not take kindly to her student husband, who passed all his time in dreaming over musty books, and the repellent natures were happily divorced. After leaving college he married again and remained in Cambridge, Mass., two years as principal of a high school.

In 1890 he with his wife and infant daughter went West in search of fortune and made Denver their home. After establishing his family comfortably he went out prospecting with some miners in the rough country further west. She, being an accomplished musician, had obtained several pupils and a place for herself in the choir of the Episcopal church. Stickney was gone three months and on his return certain peculiarities in his wife's condition startled him. He noticed, too, that she was dosing herself with certain drugs, the results of which were no mystery to him. He asked her for an explanation and taken by surprise she acknowledged that she had been unfaithful to him and said that a wealthy man named M. T. Campau, a member of the church she sang in, was responsible for her condition and on whose account she was obliged to take the drugs that had awakened her husband's suspicions. She said at the time she laid most of the blame on herself because she knew she had a great influence over her husband and could get him to forgive her own sins, but was fearful of bloody consequences if she told how much Campau was to blame in the matter.

Stickney then went to Campau in a rage and forced him to execute papers in the amount of \$10,000, which sum he says he intended for the support of the woman, as he intended to leave her forever. Then he bought a ticket to Chicago, intending to separate himself from his faithless wife but she persuaded him to take her too, and on the way she tearfully protested that Campau had seduced her originally against her earnest protests and struggles. He had taken her out riding in his carriage and when out in the country had accomplished his purpose. Then the connection had been kept up by his threats of exposure if she should refuse to subject herself to his wishes.

She played her part so well that her husband fearfully took her back to his bosom. When Campau learned that Stickney was principal of a school in Chicago and that his wife was still living with him he alleged that the pair had conspired to blackmail him and began a suit to set aside the agreement regarding the \$10,000. Stickney resigned his position and went to Denver with his wife and child to face these accusations. There he was persecuted on all sides and even turned out of doors from hotels and boarding-houses. To cap the climax he returned home one day to find a note from his wife stating that she had fled with his child, being confident that they would never be happy together. Campau was gaining triumphs all around—even to taking away this false woman who was so unworthy of the affections of either man.

In a frenzy Stickney rushed into the street and shot down Campau, accidentally killing Mrs. Devereaux, an innocent passer-by, who was hit by one of the first shots the furious man discharged at his rival.

Campau died in his tracks and Stickney was lodged in jail, where he has been ever since. The feeling in Denver is very bitter against him, but the Harvard element from the East has brought money and secured good counsel, so the trial is a *cause celebre* in every respect.

Hon. Thos. M. Patterson, Stickney's counsel, was born Nov. 4, 1840, in the county of Carlow, Ireland. In 1849 he with his parents came to New York city where he entered the public school and afterward removed with his parents to Indiana and resumed his studies at Ashbury University, at Greencastle, and then at Washburn College at Crawfordsville. In December, 1872, he removed to Denver, Col., where he has won fame in the practice of his profession. He has also represented his State in Congress. He is assisted in this case by Mr. Leonard Sweet, of Chicago, formerly a law partner of President Lincoln.

David B. Graham, District Attorney for the Second Judicial District of Colorado, was born in Westmoreland County, Penn., Feb. 17, 1846. During the civil war he was in the Union army as a member of Co. I, 211th Pennsylvania Volunteers. After the rebellion he entered Westminster College at Wilmington, Pennsylvania, graduating with honor in June, 1869. He graduated from the Albany Law School in 1871 and shortly after went to Denver. In the fall of 1876 he was elected to the position which he now holds and was re-elected on the 7th of October, 1879, to the office for another term of three years from Jan. 1, 1880. He is assisted in this case by the Hon. J. E. Barnum and J. L. Jerome.

The unwanted array of legal talent has stricken Colorado dumb with astonishment and Judge Lynch, who was swaggering around a few weeks ago, has subsided and has not a word to say.

THE POLICEMAN AND THE EELS.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A New York policeman named Richard Leary, of the Steamboat Squad, got himself in a scrape one day last

week all on account of a lot of eels. He was passing through Beekman street near Fulton Market and in going along the front of Hayes' fish stand noticed some fine fat eels on the slab. They looked dead and the peeler thought they were, so he seized about a dozen of them when he thought the man wasn't looking and thrust them into his pocket. But he was never so mistaken in his life. Those eels were alive and they soon began to manifest themselves. The fishmonger, warned of the theft by a citizen, demanded of the officer the return of his eels.

"Eels," cried the peeler as two or three of the slimy things began to wriggle between his shirt and his breast bone, "I don't know nothing about eels."

"I want them eels now, do you hear me? I'm a talk-in," said the angry fish dealer.

"Eels, ouch!" replied the policeman as he felt two or three wriggling along up his backbone, while others raced around his bulbous abdomen. "I tell you—"

But before he could finish his protest eels glided out from between his collar and his neck, from the legs of his trousers, between the breast buttons of his coat and from his pockets.

"How did they come there?" he asked innocently.

"Must have taken you for a dead man," retorted the fishmonger facetiously.

"MASHED" BY A MURDERER.

A Beautiful Young Girl Infatuated with a Brutal Convict.

On Feb. 8th there was a wedding in the county jail in San Francisco, Cal., and a wedding that made a sensation in high social circles. Miss Mary E. Willis married George C. Gottung, the wife murderer, who had just been sentenced to ten years' imprisonment and who, many people think, didn't get the full measure of justice when he was not awarded the hangman's rope.

The bride is beautiful, blonde, well connected, socially and intensely religious. She belongs to the Fruit and Flower Mission and one of the churches and has been a regular visitor to the jail for over a year, dealing out fruit and religious tracts in equal doses to the incarcerated criminals. She also conducted prayer-meetings in the jail and she and Gottung had the first spasms of love when they found that her rich soprano mingled harmoniously with his clear tenor in the hymns.

The bridegroom is a slender built man, with a florid complexion, flaming red hair and whiskers and small light-blue eyes. He is by no means a beauty and is the last man in the world whom one would suspect of fanning a fair and refined maiden's heart to a state of infatuation. He had an infant child left by his murdered wife and this pledge the new wife accepts. She will care for the infant during the ten years' imprisonment of her convict husband. Gottung had reason to doubt the fidelity of his wife, Marthine Elsie Frederike Gottung, who was young and pretty and given to flirting. He therefore set a trap for her. On the 9th of last June he wrote her a note and signed to it the name of a butcher whom he suspected. In this letter he requested the woman to meet him, the butcher, at a certain saloon of ill repute on the afternoon of the day named above. She kept the appointment, bringing her baby with her. She was shown into a private room to await the coming of her lover. Gottung forced his way past the landlady, rushed up stairs to the room where he found his wife nursing her baby and plunged a long knife into her breast several times. The poor woman lived but a few hours. A jury found him guilty of manslaughter only and he was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment as already stated.

The courtship of Gottung and Miss Willis was peculiarly grim. She disgusted the prison officials by the manner in which she fondled and petted and talked of religion to him and moreover by bringing the child of the murdered woman to amuse him. The relatives of the young woman are trying to have the marriage annulled but she declares that if they do she will marry the convict over again the moment he is free.

NELLIE "SLUGS" THE BLONDE.

A Pair of Rival Beauties in Louisville Please the Boys by Mauling Each Other for a Purse.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The excitement over prize fighting raged so high during the past month that two young women of fast society in Louisville, Ky., having a dispute were persuaded to separate after attempting a gouging and scratching match and were induced to go into a private room and fight according to the rules of the prize ring, with male seconds and bottle holders. The blonde Emma had long hair, which was a disadvantage, and was severely pounded in the face by her antagonist, Nellie, the brunette, until spectators interfered.

They went at each other like two cats. Nellie fled off but was short, and Emma's fist flattened the brunette's nose and brought the red juice copiously. They fought desperately, scratching and bruising each other's faces sadly and finally after a five minutes' bout closed and went down all in a heap.

It was an even thing thus far, but when they came up for the second round it was apparent that the brunette was the fresher of the two. After a little sparring and some scratching Nellie got in a heavy round right hander square on Emma's eye. This staggered the blonde and Nellie followed it up with severe hits that made her fair antagonist wince.

In the third round the blonde tapped the brunette's sore nose again but Nellie rushed in and seizing Emma by her long tawny hair and holding her firmly pounded her unmercifully in the face until the spectators interfered and Emma's seconds threw up the sponge. The blonde was terribly disfigured and the young bloods who made up the purse for the fight are said to be very much ashamed of the part they took in the shocking exhibition.

KILLED BY A BURGLAR ALARM.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Old Stephen Valentine of Westchester, N. Y., was rich and lived alone in a fine country house, where he kept the boardings of years safe under lock and key. His house was filled with all sorts of weapons, traps and pitfalls for prowling thieves. One favorite device of his, his burglar alarm, as he called it, was a rope which he tied to his ankle on going to bed at night, the other end of the line being attached to the front door which was made to open outward, so that in the event of anyone attempting to enter he would be awakened. One night two weeks ago a party of city burglars broke open his door and pulled the novel burglar alarm with such violence that the old man, sleeping soundly, was yanked out of his bed to the floor and had his neck broken in the fall. The thieves fled without taking any booty and the property has fallen to the public administrator, who will manage to get his perquisites out of it.

WOMEN'S DEVILRIES.

Where the Weaker Sex Comes out Strong in Comparison to the Stronger.

MRS. GRANT, of Chicago, charged Mrs. Rosa Hayes with having starved and poisoned her child to death and the latter was put in jail while the coroner and the chemist were carving, stewing and boiling the dead baby. Before they had gone far enough in their analysis to warrant their making out a heavy bill against the county, however, Mrs. Grant's husband eloped with another woman and Mrs. G. came forward and confessed that she had accused Mrs. Hayes falsely in order to please her lord. Grant is not to be found.

A MAN named Edward Cameron arrived in St. Paul, Minn., last week in search of his wife, who ran away from him at Fargo, taking with her his two children. There is a man in the case, of course. His name is Kelly and he was a boarder in Cameron's house, where he occupied his spare time and opportunity in smashing the hostess. Mrs. Cameron became so infatuated with him that she plotted with her paramour to make away with her husband. Two nights in succession Cameron's beer was so bitter that he could not drink it. The little that he took, however, made him sick and the doctor said that the tippie had been liberally seasoned with arsenic. Then the wife eloped with her lover and has not been seen since. She is a handsome, rosy, genial little woman of 45 years of age and Kelly is a tall, curly-headed type of the regular Eastern masquerader. The pair got away with \$500 of the old man's money.

A FINE lady of Allegheny county, Va., named Mrs. Wm. A. Hughes, a leader of society in that section, a person of refinement and the petted darling of a wealthy husband, abandoned her home several weeks since without any apparent cause, to the great astonishment and scandal of the neighborhood. She left her home one afternoon with the avowed intention of visiting a neighbor but not returning at nightfall her husband started out to meet her. At the foot of Chestnut mountain, where the road forks, he found attached to a ball of yarn which his wife had taken with her a letter in her handwriting addressed to him, saying, "You will see me no more. I hope God will take care of our little family and that I shall meet them in Heaven. Goodbye." Everybody is inquiring who is the man? But nobody knows him nor did anyone ever suspect her of a flirtation.

CUPID OFF HIS BASE.

Cases in Which the Wicked Little God Doesn't Take Good Aim With His Shafts.

KATE WILLIAMS, a fair member of the *demi-monde* of St. Louis, ensnared the heart of Edward M. Kirtland, son of a wealthy merchant of that city. Edward made up his mind to skip with Kate, and forged the firm's name to a check for \$3,500 to raise the funds for the trip. The pair were caught at the depot and taken back, but Kirtland's young wife repudiated him and his father let him go; so he and Kate lit out for the Pacific coast. The woman had the money concealed in the skirt of her dress, and would not part with it.

JOHN MCGUIRE, aged 60, of Ottawa, Ont., has five wives, all alive. He was caught marrying the fifth and arrested. He was put on a train in charge of a constable, but while the cars were rushing along at a 35 miles an hour gait, the ancient Cupid rushed to the platform, leaped off and rolled down a steep bank. He was uninjured, and after walking five miles across country to Stillville, got a conveyance and made good his escape. The old man was well-trained. After being married five times he was in trim to bear punishment—no railroad train could kill him.

ABEOKUTA, an alleged Dahomy giant in a small Bowery museum in New York, won the affections of Minnie Domberger, a white girl, aged 15, and the giant has been arrested for seducing her. She wanted to be an Albino and join the show and he won her affections by promising to teach her how to plink her eyes and to make her hair stand on end so that her photographs might be worth ten cents apiece. In court he acknowledged that in private life he is simply "a big nigger from Georgia," but that he is "a Dahomy giant by profession." He now languishes in a cell in which he cannot stand erect without risking contusions of his skull.

CHARLES FLYNN,

Champion Wrestler of Illinois.

[With Portrait.]

This noted wrestler is a picture of manly strength and perfect health. Standing 5 feet 9½ inches in his stocking feet, he weighs 182 pounds, and adds to his powerful build a handsome symmetry and a good-looking face. Flynn is an American, but, as his name indicates, his parents were Irish. He was born 27 years ago in New Orleans, but has lived for the last half of that time in Chicago. As an athlete he has gained a big reputation in the northwest, having earned the championship of that section of the country in his celebrated match with Morgan, the powerful Scotchman. His first appearance for money was at the old National base ball grounds in Chicago, five years ago, when he downed Tom Martin, better known as "The Blower," for a purse of \$50, in two straight falls. Shortly after that time he was matched against Jim Daly, a molder, who, up to that time in local contests, had proved invincible. This match was for \$50 a side, best two falls in three, and was to have been contested on Goose Island, near the Chicago rolling mills. Early in the morning of a bright day in the spring of 1877, Flynn and Daly met in the ring at this place, with 500 or 600 of the roughest characters in the city looking on and gambling desperately as to the result. Flynn won the first fall, and right there the match was ended. This, for the reason that Daly's friends, who were by long odds in the majority, grew enraged and rushed into the ring, tore the ropes down and claimed the stakes upon a groundless charge of foul. A well known sport named Haley, who held the money, fled to Ogden Grove, where, according to the decision of the referee, he turned the stakes over to Flynn. The affair at the time created quite a sensation in local sporting circles, and won for Flynn, who was then but 22 years of age, a host of warm friends.

In May, 1879, these same friends matched him against Monsieur Joseph, the French notable, for \$50 a side. This match came off in that month at the American Theatre, Chicago. Flynn won the first fall, and the match was given him by reason of Joseph's failing to come to time again, claiming that he had injured his leg in the first round. Two months after this Joseph clamored for more, and Flynn promptly met him at Walsh's Opera-house, in that section of Chicago known

as Bridgeport, for \$100 a side, the contest to be determined in the best three out of five falls. Flynn was once again successful, winning the first, second and fourth falls.

The most notable contest in which he has engaged was at Central Music Hall, Chicago on Feb. 16, 1881, when the tournament for the northwestern championship was held. After defeating seven opponents, the match narrowed down to a single-handed contest between Flynn and J. A. Morgan, the famous Scotch athlete. The conditions of the match were according to Græco-Roman rules—best two falls in three. At 8 o'clock Flynn and Morgan shook hands and inaugurated the match in the presence of 2,500 people. For four mortal hours they tugged and tussled, and finally, when both were worn out, agreed to postpone the contest for two weeks, each having a fall. The final struggle came off in the Chicago Gymnasium Hall, according to postponement, Flynn winning the deciding fall after a desperate contest, which lasted one hour and thirty-five minutes. After that he was declared champion of the northwest, and has not since lost his laurels, though at Peoria, in May last, he narrowly escaped defeat at the hands of the celebrated Charles Le Norman, champion of Canada. At Peoria Flynn also defeated Lucien Marc, just prior to the match with Le Norman, and has figured in numerous other matches.

RUCTIONS AT MCCARTY'S WAKE.

The O'Flaherty Pulls the Defunct Through a Window and Makes Work for the Doctors.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Mike McCarty was a citizen of South Boston and was popular in his neighborhood. Mike had a fall from a builder's ladder last week and was carried home in fragments. Of course the McCarty's had a wake for Mike, and invited the McGinnisses and the Duffys and the O'Tooles and the Flannagans and in fact all the first families. No—not all. There was one left out. Mrs. McCarty slighted the O'Flahertys and declared that on no account would she allow one of them to set foot in her house, to take a sup in the presence of the corpse or to join in the bowls over the dead man. Old man O'Flaherty was very much cut up by this and seemed to feel the loss of social position consequent on being tabooed by the McCarty's. He determined on revenge; so, when the festivities of the wake were at their height he went to the house of the widow, and, opening a window on the ground floor, thrust his hand in, seized the corpse by the feet and dragging it out proceeded to "scoot" across a vacant lot with it. The uproar, the shower of sticks, stones and bottles that followed baffles description. The police arrived just in time to save O'Flaherty and the corpse from dismemberment. As it was the dead body was sadly mangled, and the festivities of the occasion were marred by black eyes and bloody noses all around, not to mention the tattered and bedraggled condition of the corpse and the ceremonies of the grave.

"THE BOSS DEAD-HEAD."

[Subject of Illustration.]

The ticket seller of the Opera House at Columbus, Ohio, sat on his high stool counting his money and tickets and wondering how he could make out his returns of the night's work in a way to satisfy both the manager and himself. It was 9 p. m., and the mellifluous sounds of Barry and Fay's rich brogue floated out from the crowded theatre, and made the air of the lobbies thick and creamy with his vocal richness. The ticket seller pondered ruefully over the tyranny and monotony of arithmetic that made two and two always invariably four. Why was it not sometimes three? Why couldn't ticket sellers have an arithmetic of their own? Thus the honest ticket-seller. Suddenly his dream is disturbed. A hand is thrust through the opening of the box office window. The hand contains a pistol.

"I've got a pass here," says a gruff voice. "This lets me in I guess."

Then another hand is thrust in. When it comes in it contains nothing; when it goes out it is full of greenbacks. Both hands disappear and the ticket-seller's problem of the mixture of subtraction with addition is solved. The two hands vanish in the dark night, and when the manager comes to count up his gains he is entertained with this thrilling recital. The comedians say the ticket-seller should graduate to the stage, since they consider him an adept in "funny business," but he denies histrionic qualities, and founds himself on the veracious groundwork of arithmetic.

FRANK WARE, LIGHT-WEIGHT PUGILIST.

[With Portrait.]

Frank Ware, a young Englishman who lately went west from this city has turned up in Florence, Wisconsin, where the light-weight bully of the town, named Johnny Roche, tackled him with the gloves and was worsted. A match for a square stand-up fight for \$50 a side was then made and on the 4th of February was won by the Englishman. Young Ware was born in London, England, in 1861 and came to this country one year ago. Frank weighs when in fighting condition 120 lbs. He is now the champion light-weight of Michigan and is regarded as the toughest youngster who has arrived in those parts from the metropolis.

F. J. GRAHAM, AMATEUR RUNNER.

[With Portrait.]

This well known runner is a member of the Manhattan Athletic Club of New York city. He made his first appearance at the games of the Williamsburg A. C., when he won the ¼ mile. In September, 1879, he finished second to Fredricks in a mile run at Jones' Wood. Oct. 18 won the mile run on the Manhattan grounds, beating Fredricks and others. In November of the same year won the ¼ mile; at the Orion games held in Jersey; won the one mile scratch race given by the New Jersey A. C. at Hoboken; at Charley Connor's benefit on the Manhattan grounds finished second to Bally in the mile. In the Election Day games on the Manhattan A. C. grounds won the ¼ mile run easily. He is at present recording secretary of the Manhattan A. C. of New York city.

J. H. HOCKING, FAMOUS AMATEUR WALKER.

[With Portrait.]

This noted amateur walker was born in Cardiff, Wales, Oct. 8, 1858. He stands 5 ft. 10½ in. in height, chest measurement 38½ in., biceps 12½ in., thigh 19½ in., calf 13½ in., weight in condition 140 lbs. He has won numerous races and is one of the fastest amateur walkers in America. He has walked two miles in 14 m. 53 s., and he has covered 7 m. 50 yds. in 1 h.

ATHLETIC "CRANKS."

Some Queer Letters Received at the Police Gazette Office.

Men Who Want to be Backed to Accomplish Marvels and Women Who Want to Fight.

Since Paddy Ryan's defeat his backer, the proprietor and publisher of the POLICE GAZETTE, has received many welcome letters and visits from genuine sporting men from all over the country. It is not of these with which this article has to do. The visits which have not been welcome were of the character described without exaggeration as follows:

"Are you Mr. Fox, the gentleman as backed Ryan?" This from a tall, gaunt young man with a discolored eye which resembled an over ripe egg-plant. The question was asked as without invitation he seated himself in Mr. F.'s private office.

"I am," answered the gentleman addressed. "Well, I'm sorry you lost your dust and I've sh'd in to tell you how you can win—git even again I mean. Now I'm ready to jump in and knock fourteen kinds of rainbows out of Sullivan if you'll put up for me."

"What is your name? Have you ever been in the ring?"

"I prefer to be known as the Unknown, but between you and me I'm the chick that they call 'Nibsey Gull' out in Denver. I'm a terror when I let myself loose and I've laid away five or six men, I have."

"You think you can whip Sullivan, eh?"

"Think? Why, I'll bet my insides I can do him easy," and here the speaker arose from his chair and lunged wildly with his left at an imaginary adversary.

"Well, sir, Mr. Sullivan will be here in a few minutes and you can try three or four rounds with him so as to show me the material you are made of."

"The terror" seemed to grow embarrassed at once and after glancing nervously at the door said: "I'll be back here in about half an hour." Then dropping his voice to a whisper, "Say, kin you let me have a five dollar note till to-morrow?"

"Mr. Sullivan is outside," said the office boy as he thrust his head into the room.

The terror was on his feet in an instant and with a hasty "I'll see you later, boss," departed from the room. Visits of this character have been numerous.

Many letters have been received, of which the annexed speaks for itself:

"JANESVILLE, N. Y. 8th Feb. '82.

"RICHARD K. FOX, ESQ., POLICE GAZETTE:

"DEAR SIR: I have been patiently waiting for the result of the Ryan-Sullivan contest prepared to challenge the champion whichever he might be and am now ready to fight Sullivan for \$2,500 a side at any time and place he may name within six months from date and will send you a forfeit deposit of \$500 as early as the 2d of present month. Yours truly,

"Please insert JAS. E. SLOSSON."

The following is a fair specimen of a dozen of its kind. It is safe to say that the anonymous challenger of Sullivan will not be heard from again:

"Society Feb. 11 1882.

"Mr. Fox, editor of the POLICE GAZETTE Dear Sir

"I will challenge Sullivan to fight me for \$5,000 or \$10,000 a side the fight to take place within 60 days from the time the challenge is accepted

"sign unknown

"Address L. C. P. Schenectady N. Y.

"P. S. I mean Business my weight is 205 pounds

Height 5 feet 11 inches my age is 22 years."

Judging from the number of letters forwarded to the GAZETTE by what have been termed the gentler sex, interest in the Ryan-Sullivan fight must have been more wide-spread than was supposed. Annexed is a verbatim copy of a letter which came to the GAZETTE in an envelope bearing a Boston postmark:

"For the benefit of the GAZETTE.

"Mr. Fox I am almost too full for utterance regarding the defeat of our friend Paddy I think that the way Sullivan battered poor Paddy was disgraceful. But let me say one thing If Paddy had been in good health he never would have lost the fight. But anyone could whip a sick man and Paddy was too much of a thrasher man and gentleman to back out postpone the combat on account of his illness I am a woman weighing 162 lbs but I think if I was trained down to about 90 lbs that I could whip Sullivan myself and I would do it without trying to break his back or jawbone either but we might have known what to expect from a Been eater My most earnest desire (in which I think you will join) is that he will accept the challenge made him by our plucky friend from Troy and that he will be so unmercifully beaten that he will not be able to remember his front name

Yours,

"NO BEEN EATER

"Boston papers please copy."

Mr. Fox having shown his interest in pedestrianism on various occasions by backing representatives of the GAZETTE, he appears to be regarded as fair game for every crank who aspires to pedestrian honors. The following letter, a specimen of many, is probably one of the most unique ever placed before sporting men for their edification:

"(L. I. COLLEGE HOSPITAL)

"Brooklyn, Feb. 8, 1882.)

"Mr. R. K. Fox:

"I want some one to back me for entry in a six-day go-as-you-please. I am laid up at present with a broken leg and one of my ribs is fractured, but I am certain that with good nursing I can be brought around all right in time to beat the winner of the coming great race.

"The doctors here tell me that when I get out my left leg will be shorter than its mate. That will be one great point in my benefit. You will remember that when one runs around a circle he has to lean to the inner side. Now I will not have to do this if one leg is shorter than the other. Only think for a moment what a great chance you have to make money on me. You can put me in as a sleeper.

"Of course you will want to know something of my appearance.

"Height: 6 feet 1 inch.

"Chest measurement 24 inches.

"Length of foot 12 inches.

"Weight (at present) 90 lbs.

"I have dark auburn hair and was considered a very good looking man before I had small-pox and was scarred. I do not think, however, that the small-pox scars will come against me for there are none in my face.

"In politics I vote independent, that is when I get a

chance. I mention this because you will be pleased to know that my appearance on the track will not be likely to create any feeling between the Democratic and Republican parties.

"If you think well of my proposition please forward me \$50 as an evidence of your earnestness.

"Yours truly,

"CAPT. R. Z. JOHNSON."

While Captain Johnson unquestionably possesses the nerve of a Bengal tiger, what will be thought of the writer of the annexed:

"ROUNDOUT, Feb. 13, 1882.

"MR. FOX, POLICE GAZETTE:

"I am informed that you are a gentleman who is ready to do more for the encouragement of manly sports and feats of endurance than any other newspaper man in the country.

"I do not know if my proposition comes under head of manly sports or feat of endurance. I am prepared, if you will back me for \$2,500 to bet that I can stand more kicking than any man not weighing less than 200 pounds can give.

"Terms—1. I must name where he kicks me.

"2. No copper, iron or metal covered boots to be used by the kicker.

"Kicks to be given every second with half second rest.

"I am at present employed as a lightning-rod man.

"Respectfully,

"J. MADISON CLEAFY."

"P. S.—Have no objection to submit to trial before you put up stakes."

Here is another cheerful proposition from a person who has some strange ideas as to what constitutes "manly sport":

"BUFFALO, Feb. 11, 1882.

"MR. R. K. FOX:

"DEAR SIR—Knowing you to be an admirer and encourager of manly sports, I call upon you to back me in a wonderful feat. I propose to sit in a chair on a platform before the public, for six days and nights without moving or sleeping. You are to give me \$150 for the first night and \$50 for each successive night.

"You can charge \$1.00 general admission and \$1.50 for reserved seats. I would like to have a brass band present and think it would pay you to hire Leavy. I know that there is a barrel of money in this for you.

"Address, G. H. MCALPINE."

Probably the most reckless of all the "crank" correspondents who have hit upon Mr. Fox as a victim, is the writer of the elegant epistle which follows:

"BALTIMORE, Feb. 9, 1882.

"MR. R. K. FOX:

"Now that Sullivan has defeated your representative, I suppose that you are thirsting for satisfaction. I can show you a way to get it. You remember that after the fight between John C. Heenan and Tom Sayers the former was skinned out of the belt he was to receive. Heenan offered to take Sayers by the hand and jump from the top of a house together.

I am prepared to jump from the top of the POLICE GAZETTE building with Sullivan, provided you agree to my terms.

"1st.—You must give me \$2,500 to be left to my family.

"2d.—You shall print my picture on the front page of the GAZETTE, with the line "champion jumper of the world," beneath.

"3d.—If I'm killed you will pay all funeral expenses, and see that my grave is kept green.

Yours truly,

JOHN T. ERROPIN."

Care of Capt. Joe Emerich."

Mr. Fox's position so far as sporting matters are concerned, was recently made very plain when he submitted to an interview with the correspondent of a leading western paper. The interview is commended to the attention of all persons who do not seem to understand that Mr. Fox has no time to waste on worthless mendicants, alleged fighters and cranks. Said Mr. Fox in the course of his remarks:

"I am and have been for years, a warm admirer of manly sports. I believe that they should be encouraged by all good citizens. Of late years there has been much said and written about disreputable practices in connection with sporting matters. I believe that if the honest sporting men of America would make an effort together, there would be no occasion for this talk of fraud. Why, when I matched Ryan, friends came to me and said: 'You can't get up a square prize fight in this country to-day. I thought different: and the result shows that I was correct. If I did not have a genuine admiration for manly sports, however, I would drop all connection with them at once.'"

"Why?" queried the reporter.

"Mainly for this reason," replied Mr. Fox. "I am constantly bothered with letters from cranks and worthless characters, who act as if they had a claim on my time and pocket-book as well. While I am ready and willing to do all that could be reasonably expected in the way of encouraging manly sports and honest sporting men, I am not prepared to back every man who thinks he can fight, run, row or walk against champions. Square men—men who have something in them, will find me a friend; but I have not yet made up my mind to make the GAZETTE office a hospital or home for cranks."

TROY COMES TO THE FRONT AGAIN!

And now Mr. Eagan, the "Terror" of Troy, wants to Get in His Big Licks. Hear Him:

To the Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:

A great deal of praise has been given to Mr. John L. Sullivan since he defeated the champion of America, Paddy Ryan. No doubt his plan of action was quick and decisive, and his careful movements in that line of combat gained for him the admiration of the sporting fraternity in general. The question will now be asked, Who will the man be and where can he be found who will contend successfully with John L. Sullivan for the lost laurels of Paddy Ryan. It strikes me very forcibly as though that lot has fallen upon me, as I am confident that after proper training I can defeat the present champion (Sullivan), and as a guarantee of my sincerity in the matter after consulting with my numerous friends on the subject and having received their hearty approbation, I am determined that a deposit of five hundred dollars (\$500.00) shall be placed in your hands, and that I will contest the championship of America with John L. Sullivan, for a purse of two thousand five hundred dollars (\$2,500), the time and place to be hereafter named if proper conclusions can be arrived at. Yours, &c.

THOMAS RICHARD EAGAN, Troy, N. Y.

February 10th, 1882.

Six murderers implicated in the slaughter of old Joe Qaber at Lebanon, are distinguished as "the blue-eyed six." All are blonde, of the fairest type and either could win the prize that Barnum offers for the handsomest man.

CORRESPONDENCE.

NOW READY!

And Don't You Miss It.

For full history of the life and adventures of John L. Sullivan, champion of the world, and of his late opponent, Paddy Ryan, and large portrait of both, see "The History of the Prize Ring," which also contains a complete chronological history of all the championships and other fights in America, with many portraits and illustrations never before published. By mail, 30 cents.

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher,
183 William Street, N. Y.

SPORTING.

O. A. G., Boston.—No.
P. W., Kansas City.—7m. 20s.
SUBSCRIBER, Chicago.—Yes.
W. H. R., Tunnahock, Pa.—No.
A SUBSCRIBER, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Yes.
E. L., Fort Edward, N. Y.—John C. Heenan.
H. S., St. Joseph, La.—Ryan weighed 190 pounds.
F. S., N. Y.—We cannot give the age of actresses.
W. W., Snug Harbor.—Courtney's time is 20m. 14s.
A. S., Tallahassee, Fla.—Your letter received; O. K.
L. W.—We do not require a correspondent in your city.

CONSTANT READER, Georgetown, Mass.—5 feet 11½ inches.

G. F., Toronto, Canada.—Letter and picture in time. Thanks.

J. M., Toronto, Canada.—No, he never ran against Scholes.

C. C. C., Susquehanna, Pa.—Between thirty and forty thousand.

J. P. S., Norfolk, Conn.—No; Paddy Ryan issued the challenge.

M. M., Fort Hamilton, L. I.—He saves his stake and wins \$2,500.

T. O. D., Norfolk, Va.—Tommy Chandler resides in California.

F. L. C., Germantown, Pa.—Ryan whipped Joe Goss June 1, 1880.

J. R., Camden, N. J.—We cannot furnish you with his address.

J. W. B., Chicago, Ill.—W. F. Cody is the original Buffalo Bill.

JOHN A. R., Renora, Pa.—Yes, Paddy Ryan and John Flood.

H. S., Philadelphia, Pa.—Gen. A. Buford has retired from the turf.

H. W., Manitou Co.—1. No. 2. There is no record for trotting on ice.

Wm. P., Osage City.—We have not an official record of his fastest time.

P. F. G., St. Louis, Mo.—Ned O'Baldwin stood 6 feet 6½ inches in height.

J. J. J., Woodbury, Conn.—1. No. 2. Tom King defeated John C. Heenan.

H. F. J., Savannah, Ga.—Send \$2 and we will mail you the book you require.

CONSTANT READER, Cambridge, Ohio.—Each club must weigh eight pounds.

CONSTANT READER, Leavenworth, Kan.—No. Nat Langham defeated Tom Sayers.

D. W., Denver, Col.—1. April 17, 1880. Joe Coburn was never defeated in the prize ring.

E. C. H., Mt. Vernon.—At Green Mountain Station, Wyoming Territory, Oct. 25, 1873.

M. B., Cairo, Ill.—1. The circulation of the POLICE GAZETTE is over 100,000. 2. Yes.

MACK, Cleveland, Ohio.—Jack Looney, the pugilist and sporting man, is still alive.

S. PARNELL, Col. 4th, Mass.—1. Wm. Clacker. 2. A letter addressed to this office will find him.

S. W., Pottsville, Pa.—Arthur Chambers has retired from the ring and publicly stated that fact.

C. H., Mount Vernon, O.—John C. Heenan did return to America after his battle with Tom Sayers.

JACK KING, Cleveland, O.—We will forward you your forfeit posted to fight George Fulljames.

S. W., Philadelphia, Pa.—1. Yankee Sullivan's right name was said to be James Ambrose. 2. No.

F. S., Louisville, Ky.—1. No. 2. Write to John Woods, 208 Bowery, N. Y.; he will supply you.

H. R., Titusville, Pa.—John Morrissey did not die on his way to Saratoga, N. Y.; he died in this city.

READER, Hoboken, N. J.—B wins. Sullivan was not born in Ireland. He is a native of Boston, Mass.

HARRY MORGAN, Peubla.—We will return you your money, as your challenge has not been accepted.

W. H. S., Lockport, N. Y.—We do not know where you can purchase the colors of John L. Sullivan.

J. S., Somerville, La.—Paddy Ryan and Joe Goss fought at Collier Station, West Va., on June 1, 1880.

R. K., Waco, Texas.—Sullivan proposed to fight with hard gloves for a purse of \$2,000, but Ryan declined.

C. B., Wilkesbarre, Pa.—1. At the end of the battle Heenan was fighting with Sayers' seconds. 2. Yes.

C. L., Glen Cove, L. I.—He is in Sing Sing, having been removed from Auburn prison some time ago.

D. M., Leavenworth, Kan.—The Dwyer Brothers have not sold Hindoo, neither do they desire to sell him.

P. MCG., Allegheny, Pa.—1. John L. Sullivan was born in Boston, Mass. 2. His parents were Irish. 3. Yes.

M. W., Montgomery, Ala.—Messrs. Blessing and Greenwood are the two leading sporting men of Memphis, Tenn.

S. P. Huntington, L. I.—The amateur 26-hour go-as-you-please will take place at the American Institute on the 25th inst.

P. S., Philadelphia, Pa.—Hanlan's trip to England will cost him \$3,000, including stake money, training expenses, etc.

J. MCCONNELL, Philadelphia, Pa.—Ned O'Baldwin stood 6 feet 6½ inches in height, and his fighting weight was 215 pounds.

H. W., New Orleans, La.—1. Jack Sweeney and Sherman Thurston seconded Ben Hogan when he fought Tom Allen at Omaha. 2. No.

D. W., Rochester, N. Y.—1. Frank Hart, the colored

pedestrian, has won the Rose six-day belt and the O'Leary six-day belt. 2. No.

OLD SPORT, Pullmann, Ill.—After Heenan fought Sayers he returned to New York in July 1880. On Dec 10, 1883, he fought John C. Heenan.

H. W., Baltimore.—Harold, the race horse, was a brother of Pierre Lorillard's famous Iroquois, and Mr. Walden refused \$15,000 for him last summer.

M. W., Boston, Mass.—The Chas. E. Hoey, that Gus Hill, the champion, defeated at Volk's Garden Theatre is not the Charles H. Hoey, of Natick, Mass.

P. W., Baltimore, Md.—1. No. 2. Dick Eagan, of Troy, N. Y., is a stone-cutter on the new Capitol at Albany, weighs 220 pounds, but can train down to 190.

M. W., Baltimore, Md.—1. John L. Sullivan is the heavy-weight champion pugilist of America. 2. He will be compelled to defend the title against all comers.

CONSTANT READER, Chicago, Ill.—Mike McDonald, of Chicago, Ill, never gave bonds for Paddy Ryan after the latter defeated Joe Goss in West Virginia and A loses.

M. W., Newport, Ky.—In our opinion Robert Watson Boyd is only a fourth-class sculler, who is not fast enough to win a junior race in an American amateur regatta.

L. L., Jackson, La.—John McMahon holds the title, and is ready at any time to contend against any man in the world for \$1,000 a side and the collar-and-curbw championship.

H. W., Philadelphia.—Mike Cleary did challenge Mike Donovan, but the latter claimed that Cleary was only a pupil and he did not care to fight a pugilist who had no reputation.

H. W. C., Brookline, Mass.—1. The entrance fee for the POLICE GAZETTE amateur club-swinging medal is \$5. 2. The tournament for the trophy will take place in this city on March 16.

G. K., Brooklyn, N. Y.—The best record for three standing jumps is 39 feet 11 inches, made by George W. Hamilton, of Fredonia, N. Y.; at St. Helena, England, Nov. 27, 1880. 2. 14 feet 5½ inches.

M. MCG., Southing.—1. John C. Heenan died at Green River Station, Wyoming Territory, Oct. 25, 1873. 2. Hemorrhage of the lungs. 3. Heenan weighed 192 pounds when he fought Tom King.

P. W., Baltimore, Md.—Tom Hyer and Yankee Sullivan fought for \$10,000. Ryan and Sullivan fought for \$3,500. The main stakes were \$2,500, and each of the pugilists wagered \$1,000 in the ring.

W. H., Boston, Mass.—1. No. 2. On Feb. 7, at Philadelphia, Pa., Charley Norton defeated Mike Johnson, Marquis of Queensbury rules, in 5 rounds in 20 minutes. Conditions were to box 30 minutes.

J. B. S., Cincinnati, O.—1. Hanlan defeated Wallace Ross Oct. 15, 1877, at Toronto, Canada. 2. The distance was five miles. 3. The stakes were \$2,000. 4. John L. Sullivan was born in Boston, Mass.

E. C., Hamilton, O.—1. Ryan and Sullivan fought 11 minutes, and 9 rounds were fought. 2. Sullivan won first blood first knock-down and Ryan won first fall. 3. You win, for there were two referees.

W. S., Jackson, Miss.—On Nov. 14, 1881, Joseph Dion won the first prize in the cushion carom billiard tournament. 2. He won seven games and received the first prize, \$1,000, and champion badge.

J. C., Harrisburg, Pa.—1. Joe Coburn will be 47 years of age on July 20, 1882. 2. Tom Sayers was only defeated once in the prize ring. 3. No. 4. Send for "The Champions of the American Prize Ring."

Wm. D., Boulder Valley, Montana.—1. 9½s. 2. The fastest time 100 yards was ever run is 9½s., made by George Seward in England. 3. Send for the "Champions of the English and American Prize Ring." 4. Jem Mace.

C. P., Denver, Col.—1. O'Leary only competed twice for the Astley Belt. He won it at the first competition in England, but was beaten by Rowell, Harriman and Ennis in the next contest. 2. Rowell won the trophy three times and it is now his property.

W. Y., Cool Creek, Col.—Robert Watson Boyd, the English oarsman, rowed in the Seekonk regatta at Providence, R. I. 2. Wallace Ross was the winner. 3. Yes, Hanlan rowed in the same race. 4. Send for the "Life of Hanlan;" it will give you all particulars.

H. W., New Haven, Conn.—1. If Paddy Ryan will decide to again meet John L. Sullivan and fight for the championship, Richard K. Fox, the proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, will match him. 2. No. 3. Send for the "History of the American Prize Ring" to this office.

W. G., Providence, R. I.—The first time McCoolle and Allen met they fought for \$1,000 a side at a point opposite the Jefferson Barracks. Val McClintey, the referee at that fight, decided in favor of McCoolle. As the decision of the referee in such cases is final, McCoolle may be said to have won the fight.

H. W., Port Chester, N. Y.—1. Yes. 2. Hanlan, when he rowed against Elliott for the championship of England, was compelled, in order to save the match and win his bets, to lend Elliott's backer the \$250 necessary for the final deposit. It looks now as if his loan to Boyd's committee would be still larger.

JAMES DOUGLASS.—England claimed the right for many years, but within the past decade the rights of naturalized American citizens abroad have been established by diplomatic conferences. England tacitly acknowledges the loss of such of her citizens as may take out papers in due form in the United States.

PUGILIST, Peoria, Ill.—Joe Wormald never fought Jem Mace. He fought a draw with Jack Smith (Jem Mace's Wolf) in 113 rounds in 4h. 20m., at London, Eng. At Harley, Eng., Jan. 4, 1885, he forfeited £120 to Jem Mace. In America fought one round with Ned O'Baldwin, at Lynnfield, Mass.; police interfered and he forfeited to O'Baldwin.

H. B., Leadville, Col.—1. George Holden's last battle with Peter Morris, "the wonder," in England, lasted three days. 2. The police interfered each day, and finally the battle ended in a draw. The fight lasted two hours. George Holden was seconded by Jem Mace and Joe Goss. Both pugilists were arrested after the battle and sent to the Derby jail for 28 days, Mace and Goss also.

M. S., St. Louis, Mo.—1. Tommy Chandler, of Chicago, is the best middle-weight pugilist in that city. 2. He was never defeated by Captain James Dalton—in a glove contest it was vice versa. 3. George Rooke and Mike Donovan both agreed to fight Dalton when they were in Chicago. A place of meeting was appointed at Mike McDonald's to sign articles. Rooke and Donovan were there with ducats, but Dalton ran away and gave an exhibition that night at Joliet, Ill.

Daniel Lehane, Amateur Athlete.

Lehane was born in Castle Island, County Kerry, Ireland, July 3, 1853; height in stocking feet 5ft. 10in.; ordinary weight 165lbs., in condition 150lbs. His first appearance was in a 10-mile race on the Manhattan A. C. grounds in New York, Oct. 11, 1878, against James Welch and George Ebert for a gold medal, being beaten by Welch twenty yards after a good race; time 1h. 49m. 15s. Next he appeared at the winter games of the Scottish-American Athletic Club at Madison Square Garden, Feb. 28, 1879, in the mile walk for men who had never beaten 8m. 30s., which had sixty-four entries and was won by J. H. Hocking; time, 7m. 56s., Lehane fourth. March 1, same meeting, in the three-mile handicap walk, won by F. B. Holmes, 3m. 30s. start, in 25m. 42s.; Lehane, 3m. 15s., coming in ten yards behind the winner. At the spring handicap game of the

**J. H. HOCKING,**

THE FAMOUS AMATEUR WALKER.

Manhattan A. C., April 12, in the mile walk, 35s. start, he was third in final heat. May 10, Jersey City, A. C. Games, with one minute start, was second to O. J. Frank, "2m.; actual time 16m. 12s. May 24, Staten Island A. C. games, with 90s. start, won three-mile walk in 24m. 50s. July 21 he won a three-mile handicap walk from scratch at games of the Murray Hill A. C., Jones' Wood, time 25m. 51s. Oct. 18 at fall meeting of Pastime A. C. won a two-mile scratch walk in 15m. 40. Oct. 2, 1880, at S. I. A. C. meeting started

from scratch and won second prize in one-mile walk, won by J. H. Wilson, 30s., in 7m. 45s. Lehane's time 7m. 26s. Oct. 9 he won a mile handicap walk at 22d regiment games in 7m. 28s. He then wore the S. A. A. C. colors. Oct. 26 he won a three-mile handicap at games of S. A. A. C. at Jersey City, in 23m.; F. P. Murray second. Nov. 2 got second in a special 2-mile walk of M. A. C. grounds, W. H. Parry winning in 15m. 10s., F. G. Trunket third by a foot. December 31 started in a 25 mile walk at Wood's Athletic Grounds, Williamsburg, L.

Land finished second to Thos. Buckley, whose time was 4h. 11m. 4s.; Lehane's 4h. 13m. 57s.; F. W. Kane third, 4h. 21m. 17s. O'Keefe and Lehane beat the American record from 11 to 19 miles. First appeared in 1881 at the games of the N. Y. A. C. at Madison Square Garden, March 15, when, with 45s. start he won a special three-mile walk, one minute limit, in 24m. 7s.; J. F. Gibbons, 1m., second; J. A. Hesse, 45s., third. Lehane has also taken part in other events with varying success.

At the H. A. C. games, Oct. 15, 1881, he won the 2-mile walking match from scratch in 15m. 21s.

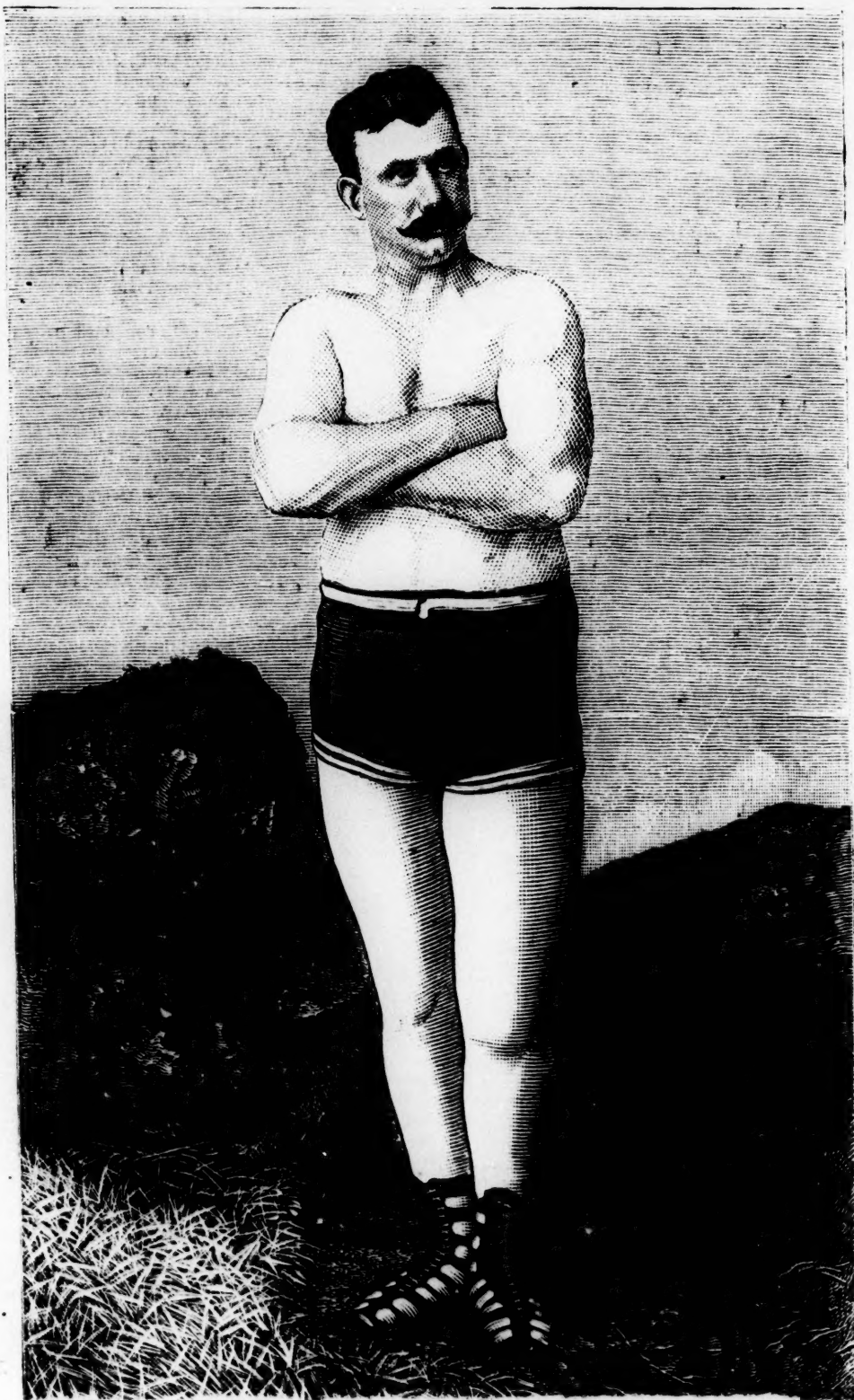
WALTER UPTON, a wagon maker, while working in a shop at Fielding, Ill., last week, quarreled with a man nicknamed Dutch Pete, and in a rage struck him on the head, killing him instantly.

**FRANK WARE,**

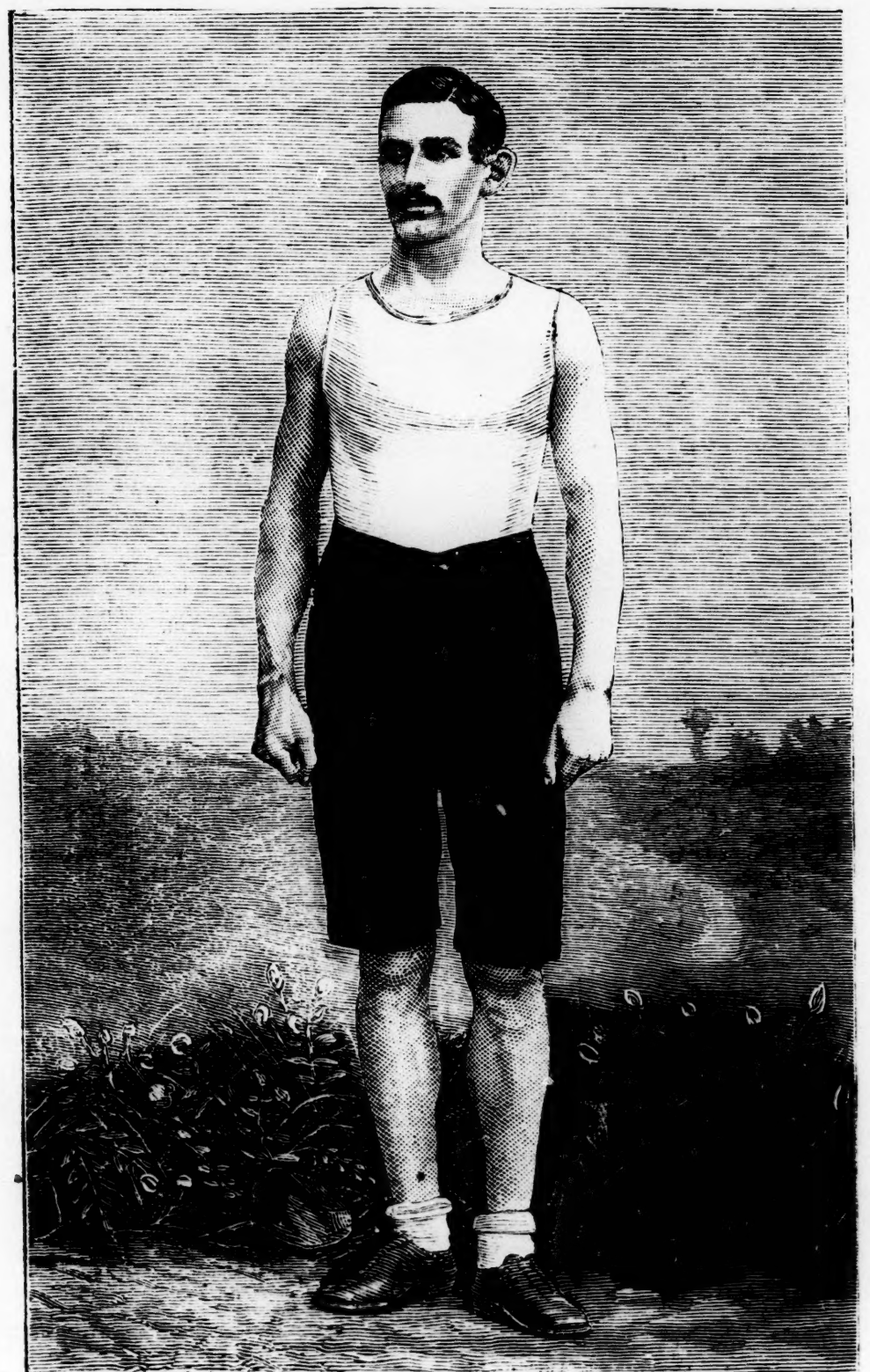
LIGHT-WEIGHT PUGILIST; FLORENCE, WIS.

**F. J. GRAHAM,**

AMATEUR RUNNER; NEW YORK.

**CHARLES FLYNN,**

CHAMPION WRESTLER OF ILLINOIS.

**DANIEL LEHANE,**

AMATEUR ATHLETE OF THE MANHATTAN ATHLETIC CLUB.

POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FAMOUS SPORTING MEN.

A Life's Romance.

A young woman named Frances Vanderveer, whose portrait is published in this week's issue of the *POLICE GAZETTE*, arrived in Denver, Col., penniless on Feb. 2 and was succored by the authorities. Being questioned she gave the details of a life history that is something out of the ordinary. She stated that she was born in South Carolina. Her mother died during the rebellion, and just before the end of the war both of her brothers were killed. So, at the age of 16 she found herself in Atlanta, Ga., and alone in the world. She was pursued by suitors, and favored a young attorney named Hoke Smith, who took advantage of her confiding love and seduced her. When she became a mother he cast



CHARLES WILLIAMS

ALLEGED SEDUCER OF MISS CARRIE OSBORNE, THE BELLE OF HOPESTON, ILL.

she was taken to the railroad depot, but would not get on the train, and was again put in jail for making a disturbance. The next day she was taken under guard of a man named Lennon Simmons who forced her to get on the train, and took her to Chicago and then to Denver, where he left her. The man disappeared at the Union depot in that city and Miss Vanderveer has not seen him since. When her trunks were recovered it was found they had been checked to Ogden on the Union Pacific road, and she thinks it was the plan of the conspirators to take her to San Francisco. A few days ago a man who called himself Lee Smith arrived in Denver from Georgia, paid the Chief of Police the money he had advanced Miss Vanderveer,



MISS FRANCES VANDERVEER,

OF ATLANTA, GA.; KIDNAPPED, SHE SAYS, AND TAKEN TO DENVER, COL., BY HER LOVER.

sert her a few dollars and disappeared. The young woman says she owns five houses in Atlanta, and is trying to raise enough money to get back there to make it warm for Mr. Smith. She says he will have to kill her to keep her out of that city, and even then her spirit will go prowling around his bedroom nights.

Carrie Osborne's Seducer.

A beautiful young girl of Hopeston, Ill., named Carrie Osborne, the victim of a seducer, died on Jan. 30, in consequence of an abortion practiced on her, it is said, at the instance of her betrayer, a young man named Charles C. Williams, whose portrait we give in this issue. She had vainly tried for a month preceding to coax him



THE DANCE OF DEATH.

A JEALOUS GIRL IN A COLORADO MINING CAMP BLOWS UP A BALL-ROOM WITH GIANT POWDER BECAUSE HER LOVER WANTS TO MARRY A CHICAGO BELLE.



A BURGLAR CONVERTED.

A "KNUCK" DROPS INTO A CHURCH IN CARLISLE, IND., GETS RELIGION, MAKES A CONFESSION, AND IS RULED OUT OF THE ANGELIC HOSTS ON THAT ROAD TO HEAVEN.

her out, and when she begged money of him for the support of their child persecuted her with the terrors of the law. The child died when it was a year old, and the mother declared that the doctor who attended it in its illness had been bribed to give it poison. She was then warned by her seducer to leave the country. This she refused to do and he had her cast into prison. There she remained for several days, "compelled to sleep in a large room with negroes, drunkards and demons of all kinds. The Mayor finally heard of her case and ordered her release. She was no sooner out, however than she was spirited away to Savannah, but on hearing her story the authorities paid her fare back to Atlanta. There she was again arrested at the instance of her seducer and compelled to work in the chain gang in the streets. This went on till last Christmas eve, when a carriage was driven up in front of her house and the driver informed her that her lover, Smith, wished to see her at his office. Instead, however,



McCARTY'S WAKE

O'FLAHERTY, BEING LEFT OUT IN THE COLD, HAULS THE CORPSE THROUGH A WINDOW AND INAUGURATES A RIOT THAT MADE WORK FOR THE DOCTORS; BOSTON, MASS.

to marry her. Instead he urged her to take drugs that would bring on a miscarriage. He then induced her to go to Chicago with him to obtain the services of a practitioner who would undertake her relief by dangerous surgical operations. She was finally taken to Lafayette, Ind., for treatment under the direction of a third party who represented Williams, who, on his part, engaged to pay all expenses. She was treated there by a Dr. Walker, and after being shockingly mangled, died under his cruel hands. The coroner's jury found the doctor the guilty party and Charles C. Williams and A. T. Catherwood, who acted as his agent, criminally liable as accessories to the murder.

GEORGE ROBINSON wanted all the love of Mary Baggan, of Chicago, Ill., and thought he didn't get it; so on the 11th ult. he shot her. She died, and George, in prison, mourns her loss, and says he is sorry he did it, but his love was so strong it prompted him to make an angel of her.

SPORTING NEWS.

NOW READY!
And Don't You Miss It.

For full history of the life and adventures of John L. Sullivan, champion of the world, and of his late opponent, Paddy Ryan, and large portraits of both, see "The History of the Prize Ring," which also contains a complete chronological history of all the championship and other fights in America, with many portraits and illustrations never before published. By mail, 30 cents.

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher,
183 William street, New York.

VAUGHN, the English pedestrian, has arrived.
EDWIN BIBBY will please send his address to this office.

THE Oxford and Cambridge crews are in steady training.

IN England they are intimating that Hanlon finds half the stakes for Boyd.

THE New Orleans races in April promises to be just as interesting as last year.

THE London Referee expects Rowell will be beaten in the coming six-day race.

THE Westminster Kennel Club Bench Show will be held in New York, April 18 to 21.

JOHN McMAHON, the wrestler, is in Memphis, Tenn., and matched to wrestle an unknown.

IN England Denny Harrington has challenged Hugh Burns to fight at 150 pounds for \$500.

IRAGOIS will have to carry the top weight in the Lincolnshire handicap. We think he will win if he starts.

THE price paid by Mr. Gordon for the trotter Clingstone, the future mate of Wm. H., is said to have been \$30,000.

FROM present indications the race between Ross and Hanlon next June will be rowed on this side of the Atlantic.

THE Rod and Gun Club, of Springfield, Mass., defeated the Riverside Club and the Albany Club with the rifle recently.

A MAIN was fought recently on Long Island between Albany and Long Island birds, which was won by Long Island.

BILLY RILEY's exhibition at San Francisco, Cal., was well attended. Patsy Hogan and Riley appeared in the wind-up and had a lively set-to.

THE Hillsdale champion four, C. W. Terwilliger, L. F. Beckhardt, H. P. Mead and E. B. Van Valkenburgh have selected F. Connor as substitute.

DENNIS CLIFFORD, a laborer of Troy, has challenged Dick Eagan to a prize fight. Eagan says his challenge to Sullivan must first be disposed of.

THERE is to be another regatta at Lake George next summer and the University of Pennsylvania will send up an eight and a four-oared crew.

O'LEARY and Downey are matched to walk heel-and-toe 72 hours, for \$500 a side. The contest will be decided at New Orleans and the veteran will win.

A SPORTING man informs us that Wm. H. Borst is anxious to match George Rooke to fight Ryan, the ex-champion. We do not place any truth in the rumor.

CORPORAL Michael Donohue, of Co. C, 15th Infantry, and private John Nolan, of the same company, are to run 125 yards for \$400 on Feb. 27, at Fort Lyon, Colorado.

THE trotting stallion Independence will be entered for the big purse to be trotted for at Rochester, July 4, and will also be in the stallion purses in the circuit meetings.

THE match between Hutchens and Wallace, the famous English sprinters, is to be decided March 4. The distance is 150 yards, and Wallace receives a start of four yards.

A ST. LOUIS exchange says Tom Kelly of that city is eager for a shy at Paddy Ryan. If Kelly means business he will have no trouble in putting up his money and losing it.

BONNIE CASTLE by Bonnie Scotland, dam Planchette, has already won four races this season. If nothing happens it will be fourteen instead of four before the racing season ends.

BULL and White, the champion bull dogs of Camden, N. J., fought at that place recently. After twenty-two minutes' hard fighting Bull refused to scratch and White was declared the winner.

A PROPOSITION has been made for a match for \$10,000 a side, with an association purse of \$10,000 added, between the trotter St. Julien and the pacer Little Brown Jug. An answer from Mr. Hieock and St. Julien is awaited.

F. J. MUMFORD, the New Orleans sculler who won the senior race at the National Association regatta in 1879 and 1880, but who did not take part in the last year's race, will, it is stated, contend for the honors again next season.

AT Buffalo, N. Y., recently, Spring and Jack, two famous fighting dogs, fought for a purse. Spring won in 1h. 37m. The defeated canine was a son of the victor. Jack Ryan handled "Jack," and Phil Connell, the veteran, handled Spring.

JIM FRAWLEY, of Hunter's Point, L. I., one of the oldest prize fighters in America, writes to the POLICE GAZETTE, that he would like to arrange a match with Sam Collyer or Charley Norton, at catch weights, on any terms they may propose, either with hard gloves or in the prize ring.

THE following explains itself:
BROOKLYN, N. Y., Feb. 21, 1882.

To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:
SIR: Please enter my unknown to compete for the POLICE GAZETTE Medal for colored pugilists, emblematical of the colored pugilistic championship of America. Please notify me of the time and place for the next contest for the trophy.
PROF. WHITNEY.

CHARLEY NORTON, the pugilist, recently gave an exhibition at Philadelphia, and offered any light weight \$50 that would box him thirty minutes, Marquis of Queensbury rules. Mike Johnson, a noted boxer of Philadelphia, accepted. Five rounds were fought in 20 minutes, when Norton was declared the winner.

Frank Gromley was the referee and Billy McLean and Dan Doherty seconded Norton.

THE following explains itself:

NEW YORK, Feb. 11, 1882.

To the Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:

SIR: I accept the challenge of Mr. Gus Hill to swing heavy clubs, limiting the weight at 25lbs. Can be seen at 291 East Fourth street.

Yours respectfully, FRANK SELLERS,
310 E. Fourth street, City.

At the time the great match between Paddy Ryan and John L. Sullivan was arranged at the POLICE GAZETTE office, Frank Queen published a series of fabrications to the effect that Ryan's backers did not mean business, and that the fight would never take place. The statement was just as correct and reliable as Frank Queen's statements and figures in his almanac.

C. M. RICE, a swimmer of Philadelphia, Pa., writes to the POLICE GAZETTE that if Frank Thedsoun who recently issued a challenge to swim any man in the world 500 miles on or about July the first for \$1,000, will back up his challenge by sending \$100 forfeit to the POLICE GAZETTE he will cover the money and arrange a match. Now is the time for Thedsoun to back up his challenge.

It has been decided that the meeting which is designed to settle the question as to who are entitled to claim the amateur championship among wrestlers and boxers will be held at Tammany Hall, this city, March 11 at 7 P.M., under the auspices of the N. Y. A. C. The boxing will be at the following weights: feather, 115 pounds and under; light, 135 pounds and under; middle, 155 pounds and under; heavy, all over 155 pounds.

FRANK QUEEN's journal, which made its reputation and money on pugilists and their patrons, when the match between Ryan and Sullivan was proposed refused to hold a certified check issued by the POLICE GAZETTE to bind the match, and also refused to have anything more to do with pugilism or pugilists. The same journal week after week tried to make its few readers believe that Richard K. Fox, who put up \$2,500 on Ryan, did not mean business. The POLICE GAZETTE proved Frank Queen's statements were false. The battle was fought, and Frank Queen's journal was made to swallow the lie.

THE club swinging match for \$500 and the championship of New York, between Gus Hill, the POLICE GAZETTE champion, and Charles E. Hoey, of Boston, was decided at Volk's theatre in this city Feb. 16. James Shield, of New York, was umpire for Hill and Eugene Doon for Hoey. Hoey went through a series of evolutions but committed a foul. Hill gave a wonderful exhibition of club swinging and also fouled, when Wm. E. Harding, the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE, ordered both the contestants to swing again. Hoey objected but finally agreed to do so. In the second essay Hill went through a series of movements, displaying far more grace, style, time and execution than Hoey and the referee declared him the winner and the decision was sustained by the applause of the audience.

At last a prize fight has been arranged between Thomas Sweeney, of Wolverhampton, Eng., and Michael Donahue, of New Haven, Conn. The pugilists with a large delegation of sporting men from Bridgeport, New Haven, Boston and this city met at the POLICE GAZETTE office to arrange the match. A bitter rivalry appeared to exist between the pugilists and both were eager to ratify the match. The only hitch in arranging the preliminaries was the time of fighting. Donahue wanted to fight in four weeks while Sweeney was anxious to put the day of fighting off for two months. Finally Sweeney agreed to fight in six weeks and the match was arranged. Richard K. Fox, the proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, was chosen final stakeholder and the pugilists posted \$100 each. We shall publish the articles of agreement in this match next week.

BOX HEFFRON, a noted veteran boxer, and Wm. Bambray fought recently with gloves. The pugilists both reside in this city, and have the reputation of being shoulder hitters. Heffron challenged Bambray, and a match was arranged to fight according to the rules of the London Prize Ring with gloves. A large room was engaged, and pugilists and a large crowd of noted sporting men met to witness the mill. Bambray, seconded by Johnny Morris, better known as Yorke (who fought Jack Gallagher), and Morris Hadley, the Bridgeport colored pugilist, while Tom Kean and Geo. Taylor seconded Heffron, who is a stout, compactly-built specimen of humanity weighing 160 lbs., while Bambray weighed 150 lbs. Six rounds were fought, when the referee, on a false alarm of police, declared the fight a draw, and agreed to name the next time and place. Four hours later the pugilists again met. Fourteen rounds more were hotly contested, when Heffron was unable to come to time, and Bambray was declared the winner. Both of the pugilists received heavy punishment.

THE pugilistic mania has not only afflicted the active and the retired division of white pugilists, but the colored brigade are also touched with a mania to batter each other. Recently Frank Stevenson, the noted Bleeker street sporting man and proprietor of the Black and Tan, called at the POLICE GAZETTE office, posted \$100 forfeit and left the following challenge which will, no doubt, be accepted. Read it:
NEW YORK, Feb. 23, 1882.

To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:

SIR: I will back an unknown colored middle-weight pugilist to fight Abe Williams, the colored middle-weight champion pugilist of Chicago, to fight a fair stand-up fight according to the new rules of the London prize ring, four, six or eight weeks from signing articles, for five hundred (\$500) dollars a side. The time and place to be mutually agreed upon at the posting of the first deposit. To prove I mean business I have posted one hundred dollars forfeit with Richard K. Fox, proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE. I will meet Williams or his representative at the POLICE GAZETTE office any time after he covers my money and arrange a date when we may be able to sign articles of agreement. Hoping that after all the boasting challenges the Chicago colored champion has issued he will not back down, I am yours,
FRANK STEVENSON.

PRIZE ring matters are booming since the POLICE GAZETTE revived interest in the "manly art," by organizing and bringing to a decisive issue the championship match between Ryan and Sullivan. Since that event one important match has been arranged, and now there is every probability of still another for \$2,000 and the light-weight championship of America. Last week Frank Stevenson, the noted

sporting man called at the POLICE GAZETTE office accompanied by George Holden, the pugilist, and posted \$250 forfeit to back the following challenge:

NEW YORK, Feb. 24, 1881.

To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:

Please publish in your next issue that I am prepared to fight George Fulljames of Toronto, Canada, according to the new rules of the London Prize Ring, at catch weight, eight weeks from signing articles for the sum of one thousand (\$1,000) dollars a side and the light-weight championship of America. If Fulljames does not accept, the challenge is open to Sam Collyer, or any light-weight pugilist in America at 125 lbs. To prove to the sporting public that I mean business as I always have done, I hereby post the sum of two hundred and fifty dollars (\$250) forfeit with Richard K. Fox, Proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE to bind the match. I am ready to meet Fulljames or his representative at the POLICE GAZETTE office, to post an additional sum, sign articles of agreement, and arrange the details for a match.
GEORGE HOLDEN.

It being announced that Harry Hill, the stakeholder in the recent prize fight between John L. Sullivan, of Boston, Mass., and Paddy Ryan, who was matched by Richard K. Fox, proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, would give up the stakes on Feb. 16, 1882, at his theatre, providing Ryan's backer would not object, Richard K. Fox at once forwarded the following communication to Harry Hill:

POLICE GAZETTE OFFICE,

February 16, 1882.

To Harry Hill, Esq., Stakeholder in the Prize Fight between John L. Sullivan and Paddy Ryan for \$5,000 and the Championship of the World:

SIR: Allow me to kindly notify you that, as the backer of Paddy Ryan in his match with John L. Sullivan, I waive all claim to the two thousand five hundred (\$2,500) dollars stakes I posted with you on behalf of Paddy Ryan, and authorize you to pay the two thousand five hundred (\$2,500) dollars over to John L. Sullivan, the champion of America, or his backers, as I believe the stakes were fairly lost and won.

RICHARD K. FOX,

Proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE and backer of Ryan.

On receipt of this document Mr. Hill decided to pay over the stakes to the sporting men who backed Sullivan. The latter was unable to attend but James Keenan, the popular Boston sporting man, delegated Frank Stevenson to receive the \$1,000 he had posted and the \$1,000 he had won. Mr. Stevenson kept \$1,000 for Mr. Keenan and informed Harry Hill that it was Mr. Keenan's desire that he should give the \$1,000 won to Sullivan as a present.

THE proposed prize fight between James Weeden and Oweiny Maloney, the Pittsburg pugilists, still hangs fire. The latter has not covered the \$50 Weeden sent on with his challenge to Richard K. Fox, proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, but forwards the following communication:

PITTSBURG, PA., Feb. 22, 1882.

To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:

I see by your last issue that James Weeden has challenged me to fight him at catch weights for \$20 a side and has placed \$50 in your hands, the fight to take place outside of Pennsylvania, you to be stakeholder and to appoint a referee. I refuse to fight for \$20 a side because the amount is too small to pay training expenses, etc., and allow the winner anything for his time and trouble. I will fight Mr. Weeden for any amount from \$50 to \$1,000 a side, either in Pennsylvania or any other place and will be happy to agree to yourself as stakeholder, but I wish the referee to be chosen on the battle ground. If Mr. Weeden was matched to fight 1,000 miles from Pittsburg he would accept no other man but a Pittsburg referee, as that would furnish him an excuse to sneak out of a fight as he sneaked out of a fight with me in July, 1881. I dare him to agree to what all impartial men must call fair: that is to fight me for from \$50 to \$1,000 a side at catch weights, the referee, as customary, to be selected on the ground. If he is man enough to agree to it let him say so in your next issue and I will cover his \$50 now in your hands. If he does not agree to it I pronounce him what I have reason to believe him to be, that is, an ardent coward.

OWEN MALONEY.

A SOUTHERN exchange says: "We do not see how Richard K. Fox, the proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, was so foolish as to allow its representative at the great battle between Sullivan and Ryan, to give the latter \$1,000 to bet in the ring when the champion was suffering from hernia, and the chances of winning were against him long before the battle commenced. It was a foolish act to increase the stakes in the ring, for \$2,500 was a stake large enough to fight for without risking any more, especially when the chances were against the stalwart champion from Troy, N. Y." The writer of the above is in the mail correct, but he was probably not aware of the circumstances. Ryan, prior to leaving for New Orleans to finish training for the fight, called at the POLICE GAZETTE office to see his only backer in the match, Richard K. Fox. Ryan said he was confident of winning and asked Mr. Richard K. Fox if he would give him \$1,000 on the morning of the fight to be in the ring. The proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE said: "Ryan, I will give you my word, I will send you \$1,000 or \$2,500 to bet in the ring, if you desire me to do so." "You will do so, certain?" said Ryan, with a look of confidence, no doubt being certain that he would win. "Yes," said Mr. Fox. "And my word, Ryan, is my bond." A few days after Mr. Fox made the promise, all the leading papers and the POLICE GAZETTE chronicled the fact, and Mr. Fox kept his word. No matter whether Ryan entered the ring out of condition, no matter if he stood in front of the great Boston pugilist "on stilts," Ryan was promised the \$1,000 to bet in the ring and Mr. Fox would not go back on his word for ten times the one thousand dollars. The example is a model for many to follow.

PATSEY HOGAN, the noted sporting man and ex-light-weight champion pugilist of the Pacific Slope, sends the following letter which explains itself:
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Feb. 20, 1882.

To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:

SIR: You will confer a great favor on me if you will publish this letter in relation to an ingrate who is now in Philadelphia, named Jack Keenan. I was never taken so much by surprise in my life as when I took up the last Clipper and saw the remarks made by him as to being glad to get away from Frisco, where his experience with me and others was not very pleasant. I kept Keenan for six months, during which time I got a benefit for him from which he realized over \$20. I afterwards matched him and gave him a reputation equal to any man that ever struck this coast. When he came here he was, comparatively speaking, unknown, and when he left here he was known all over the United States. During the time he was here I boarded, fed and clothed him, and every day that he was here I

gave him from \$1.00 to \$1.50 for spending money. When he first came to me I gave him a complete outfit, and even gave him the clothes off my back. I gave him money to release himself from a sailor boarding-house and took him home to my own house where he stopped all the time he was here without ever paying any expense. He ate at the same table with me and I paid all expenses; no matter what he wanted all he had to do was to ask for it and it never was refused. When he wanted to go home I paid his passage and gave him \$25 for pocket money. You must recollect that I did not send for him, but picked him up and made a man of him, and as a parting farewell he goes home and says he is glad to get away—that Patsy Hogan and others did not treat him right. The public will ask: Did he never do anything for me all the time he was here? I answer, Yes; he sparred, on an average, three times a week, and always received a recompense in money after he was done sparring; besides that, a quarter of a dollar never was taken from him all the time he was with me for liquors or cigars. Yours,
PATSEY HOGAN.

THERE appears to be a mania among the pugilists since Paddy Ryan, the POLICE GAZETTE champion, and John L. Sullivan decided their great battle for \$5,000 and the championship of the world, at Mississippi City. Pugilists who long ago retired from the ring are once more eager to again enter the "squared circle" and battle with nature's weapons for fame and glory, while many who envy the reputation Ryan and Sullivan have made by their short but desperate fight, are anxious to follow the footsteps of the great pugilists and appear within the roped arena in battle array.

Sam Collyer, who held the light-weight championship of America, until defeated by Billy Edwards, has again decided to enter the prize ring. Recently Collyer, accompanied by his backer, John Styles, of No. 38 Bowery, a well-known dealer in wet goods, called at the POLICE GAZETTE office and posted \$100 with Richard K. Fox, and issued the following business-like challenge, which will no doubt create quite a breeze among sporting circles:

NEW YORK, Feb. 22, 1882.

To Richard K. Fox, Esq.:

DEAR SIR:—Sam Collyer being again anxious to enter the arena, and once more try to gain the title of light-weight champion pugilist of America, I have decided to furnish him with the slivens of war, and back him with \$1,000 of my money to fight Arthur Chambers, of Philadelphia, or any light-weight pugilist in America, according to the conditions and rules governing all matches for the light-weight championship. Collyer will hand you \$100 with a challenge. Yours truly,
JOHN STYLES, 38 Bowery, New York.

NEW YORK, Feb. 22, 1882.

Richard K. Fox, Proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE:

DEAR SIR: Being again eager to test the merits and abilities of several of the pugilists who claim the light-weight championship of America, I hereby ask you as a favor to chronicle in the POLICE GAZETTE, which is now the leading sporting journal, the following challenge:

I am prepared to fight Arthur Chambers, of Philadelphia, a fair stand up fight according to the rules of the London prize ring, at catch weights, for one thousand dollars a side and the light-weight championship of America; the fight to take place six or eight weeks from the signing of articles. To prove I am in earnest I have deposited one hundred dollars (\$100) with Richard K. Fox, proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, and will meet Chambers or his backers at the POLICE GAZETTE office any day he may name to post an additional one hundred and fifty dollars (\$150), sign articles and arrange a match. Chambers has boasted that he can whip me, and now is his time to back up his assertions with money, or the sporting public will believe that he is afraid to fight. Yours truly,
SAM COLLYER.

Collyer means business and if Chambers will agree to again enter the arena there will be a match for \$1,000 a side and the championship. It is our opinion that Chambers will not accept the challenge unless Collyer's backer agrees to some stipulated weight and the amount of stakes Collyer agrees to fight for are increased so that there will be some inducement for him to leave his business. Chambers recently informed us that after he defeated John S. Clark for \$2,000 and the championship of the light-weights that he would not fight any more but retire from the ring. He may change his mind, however. The next issue of the POLICE GAZETTE will tell.

We have received one hundred (\$100) dollars from John Styles, the well known Bowery boniface, on behalf of Collyer's debt and we are certain there are nine hundred dollars more behind ready to put up if the ex-champion decides to re-enter the ring.

THE following is the official announcement of the programme of

THE RACE OF THE CHAMPIONS.

THE GREAT SIX-DAY "GO-AS-YOU-PLEASE,"

For a Sweepstakes of \$9,000, the Gate Receipts,

and

THE CHAMPION DIAMOND WHIP,

Which takes place at

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN,

FEW. 27 TO MARCH 4, 1882.

GRAND SACRED CONCERT SUNDAY EVENING, FEB. 20 and

Grand Matinee and Evening Concerts during the week by

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P. S. GILMORE, Conductor.

Representatives of America, Ireland, France and Scotland against

CHARLES ROWELL, of England,

CHARLES ROWELL, of England,

CHARLES ROWELL, of England,

The winner and holder of the Astley Belt.

PATRICK FITZGERALD, record of 32 miles, the greatest six-day record yet made; ROBERT VINT, JOHN SULLIVAN, GEO. D. NOREMAC, JOHN HUGHES, P. J. PANCHOT, W. H. SCOTT and GEORGE HAZARD have entered for the contest.

The start takes place 12:05 A. M., Monday, Feb. 27, 1882.

Admission, one dollar.

WHISPERS OF SCANDAL.

Tender Morsels that Mrs. Grundy and the Tea-Table Gossips Enjoy.

[WM. HENDERSON, a pickpocket of Philadelphia, fell in love with a beautiful young school mistress and engaged himself to marry her. He determined to reform and lead an honest life. The detectives notified the girl of his true character and she was so shocked that she fell ill and her life is despaired of. Her parents showed the crooked lover to the door and now he alleges that the detectives tried to blackmail him.

OLD man Wm. E. Ridgeway, of San Francisco, who was 70 years old, fell in love a year ago with a widow named Forbes, fair, plump, rosy and 35, and engaged to marry her. He failed to keep his promise and the widow sued him for breach of promise. His defence was that after thinking the matter over he had concluded that the young widow was too much of an emotional responsibility for a man of his years to take to his heart. Then again he was afflicted with paralysis and a valvular affection of the heart and the doctor had assured him that a real old-fashioned honeymoon would kill him sure. So as he was not ready to go to Heaven by the matrimonial road he declined to marry. The jury awarded the lady \$5,000.

A QUEER case is made out by James F. O'Donnell, of Minneapolis, Minn. He says he married his wife Kate in Bradford, Pa., in 1877, and removed to Minneapolis in August last. He went to work as a mechanic in town, and she got a position as teacher in a school at Lake Minnetonka. She used to visit her husband every week. Finally her visits ceased and she disappeared. This was last October. A few days ago O'Donnell found that Kate was teaching in Archibald's Academy, in Minneapolis, and living with a professor named George W. Lutz, as his wife. He had both arrested; but to his great astonishment Kate declared she had never seen him before in her life, that she had never been Mrs. O'Donnell, and declared her belief that Mr. O'Donnell was a "crank." The judge held the pair, however, on a charge of adultery, and sent them to jail in default of \$500 bail.

SAM. J. GIER, of Murdock, Minn., lost his wife a month ago. He was left with a little child on his hands and a neighbor, Mr. Fredericks, pitying him, invited him to live in his, Fredericks', house, where the little one could have proper care until other arrangements could be made. Mrs. Fredericks devoted herself not only to the child but to the widower as well and the upshot of it all was the elopement of the pair one day last week. The husband traced them to Minneapolis, where they had registered at the St. James Hotel as man and wife. Accompanied by a policeman Fredericks visited their room at midnight and peeped over the transom. A duet of snores was in progress within. The policeman produced a dark lantern and turned the light on the bed. It fell on the faces of two sleepers side by side. They were the gay widower Gier and the crooked wife Fredericks. This settled it. Fredericks has applied for a divorce.

MISS ANNA SUYDAM, of Geneva, N. Y., and George Patrick, of Chicago, were to have been married in Trinity church in the former place on the 10th inst. It was arranged as a very swell affair and only the toniest of the town had received cards of invitation to the ceremony. The bride's rig was most expensive, as was that of the bridesmaids. The church was filled, the bridal procession in faultless attire, sparkling with jewels and radiant with beauty, marched up to the altar to the sound of the grand organ. Arrived there the bride relinquished her hold on her father's arm and exclaiming "no!" fell back hysterically and was borne from the church insensible after several physicians had tried their hands at reviving her. All sorts of rumors prevailed after the congregation had been dismissed. The favorite was that the bride had weakened at the last moment in consequence of the reproaches addressed to her in a letter she had received on her wedding morning from an old lover. It is further stated that the lover aforesaid was standing near the altar when she approached it with her bridesmaids and her love asserting itself on sight of him, she had fainted. The physicians, however, declare that the whole trouble was caused by nervous prostration and the fluttering anticipations of the bride. The old women gossips of the town who pretend to know how it is themselves and who have been there say the doctor's story is too thin for them. The bridegroom has gone back to Chicago much crestfallen.

SPORTING.

Important to Advertisers. Owing to the large and constantly increasing circulation of the POLICE GAZETTE, our rates for advertisements after January 1, 1882, will be 75c. per line, net.

D. Keller, 24 John Street, N. Y., Between Nassau and Broadway.

PRACTICAL JEWELER. Medals of all Descriptions made for Bowing, Sparring, Athletic Clubs, etc. at a reasonable figure. Masonic Emblems manufactured in Artistic Style. A discount made to clubs and goods sent to any part of the world. D. Keller is the designer and manufacturer of all the Police Gazette Champion Gold Medals for Boxing, Club Sparring, and Collar and Elbow wrestling. These trophies display the wonderful skill of the jeweller's art and are unique in design.

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194 Page Illustrated Catalogue on receipt of two three-cent stamps.

Address, PECK & SNYDER, 124 & 126 Nassau St., New York.

The Greatest Sporting House in New England States, and the largest sporting picture gallery in America is Tom Early's famous sporting house, No. 14 Lathrop St., Boston. Don't fail to call as it is the rendezvous of all the leading sporting men visiting America. Best Wines, Liquors and Segars, and billiard tables in capital condition.

The leading Sporting House of the Pacific Coast is kept by Patsy Hogan. Sporting in all its forms attended to. Matches made; articles of agreement drawn up, etc., etc. Sparring and singing nightly. Patsy Hogan, Proprietor.

George Hazael, "Champion Rest," 274 Grand Street, Brooklyn, E. D. Bass' English Ale and Guinness' Stout on Draught.

Police-men, Firemen, Letter Carriers, all the prominent pedestrians, prize fighters, and sportsmen are wearing shoes made by Benke Bros., the Police Gazette's shoemakers, 201 Canal St., cor. Mulberry.

Jim Coyne, ex-champion pugilist of the world, now proprietor of the Punch Bowl, Pennsylvania Avenue, and The Office, corner of Hamilton and Lombard streets, Newark, N. J.

The Great Pedestrian Shoe Maker. Come and see Houlahan, 184 Bowery, near Spring. He has an exhibition of the pedestrians' shoes worn in the great race you please and heel-and-toe races.

JUST OUT!

The Monarch of all Sporting Works!

THE HISTORY OF THE PRIZE RING

With lives of Paddy Ryan, the Champion of the World, and John L. Sullivan. Biographies and records of the famous fistic heroes, to which is added a complete chronological history of all the championship and other fights in America. With many portraits and illustrations never before published. By mail, 30 cents.

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, 183 William Street, New York.

POLICE GAZETTE SERIES OF FAMOUS CRIMINALS, No. 5.

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Lives and adventures of the most famous brigands of Europe and America. With 25 superb illustrations, Histories of the bandits of Italy, Greece, Turkey, India, Mexico, California, Texas, etc., etc. A romance of facts. By mail 30c.

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AMUSEMENTS.

Important to Advertisers. Owing to the large and constantly increasing circulation of the POLICE GAZETTE, our rates for advertisements after January 1, 1882, will be 75c. per line, net.

Geoghegan's New Summer Garden. Free and Easy. No. 105 Bowery. A great show every night. Boxing, Wrestling, Singing, etc. Also, Wines, Liquors and Segars. Admission Free. The Old House at Home, 105 Bowery New York City. The largest Hall in America to let for sporting exhibitions, wrestling matches, etc. It is well ventilated and the best and only hall in the world that has three 24-foot rings with ropes and stakes. The hall will seat seven hundred persons. Parties desiring to engage the hall will apply to Owney Geoghegan, proprietor. The Three Large Halls will seat One Thousand Five Hundred Spectators. Since the great battle between Jack Langan and Tom Spring, in England, there has never been such a Large Boxing Hall, or a place where Glove Fights have been fought, as those now erected at the "Old House at Home." The three 24-foot rings are fac-simile to those in the Old Four Courts, in England, where Old Humphries and Mendoza fought years ago. Owney Geoghegan's halls are the largest boxing rooms in the world. Pictures are hung on the walls from the walls, representing the heroes of the pugilistic and wrestling world. On one side of the hall hangs the picture of the one great Yankee Sullivan, opposite is Tom Hyer, who fought and whipped Sullivan in 1849, in a match for \$10,000; on the other side is the only oil painting in the world of Jack Randall and Dan Donnelly, the Irish champions; nearly opposite stands Chris Lilly, who killed Tom McCoy in the prize ring. The only picture in the world of Charley Lynch, who killed Andy Kelly at the Palais, hangs among the thousands of sporting pictures at the "Old House at Home." There is not another Sporting House and Picture Gallery in the world like Owney Geoghegan's. Owney Geoghegan will be director of amusements. Admission FREE to the three large halls. OWNEY GEOGHEGAN, Director of Amusements.

McGlory's Variety and Dancing Hall, 158 and 160 Hester st., near Bowery, is open every night.

It is one of the liveliest resorts in Gotham to witness a night's fun and the admission is free. The large hall has been thoroughly refitted and now presents one of the finest dancing and variety halls in New York. Great attractions are offered every night. There is a dancing space of five thousand feet. Every night Gaetano Di Militia Grand Orchestra furnishes the music and every Sunday night there is the Great Jewish Ball.

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The Old Wooden Rucker, corner of Court Street and Hamilton Avenue, Brooklyn, Johnny Bohanna, Proprietor. Don't fail to call at the new and elegantly fitted-up sample room which is the Sportingman's retreat. Remember the Old Wooden Rucker is at the corner of Court Street and Hamilton Avenue. Greenwood cars pass the door. The best Wines, Liquors, and Segars furnished at regular market prices.

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This compound is superior to any preparation hitherto invented, combining in a very highly concentrated state the medicinal properties of the Cubebs and Copaiba. One recommendation this preparation enjoys over all others is its neat, portable form, put up in pots; the mode in which it may be taken is both pleasant and convenient, being in the form of a paste, tasteless, and does not impair the digestion.

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A Card to all suffering from errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, etc., etc. Send a receipt to it will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send self-addressed envelope to Rev. Joseph T. INMAN, Station D, New York.

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FAST MEN OF AMERICA.

PARIS BY GASLIGHT.

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LAGER BEER AND ITS VOTAPIES.

HOW GAMBRINUS IS WORSHIPPED IN HIS OWN BEVERAGE, BY UPPER TEN AND LOWER MILLION; AND THE AMBER NECTAR CHEERS THE THIRSTY UNDER VARIOUS CIRCUMSTANCES WITH ONE COMMON EQUALITY OF PLEASURE.